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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE NEW ARMY SCHEME

SELDOME indeed have the proposals of a Committee met with such unanimous approval as has been bestowed upon the Report of the War Office Reconstitution Committee. Every paper of influence has endorsed the suggestions made in it, and probably the chief reason for this is that the recommendations are so thorough-going in character. We have previously been accustomed to receive from the War Department commendations of that shilly-shally description which is the usual result when three or four heads have been at the construction and an attempt is made to please everybody, with the result that befel the man in the fable who pleased nobody and lost his ass into the bargain. The reforms certainly go very deep, and ought to effect an entire change in our arrangements for national defence. In a preliminary letter the doctrine is laid down that the Defence Committee should invariably have for its head the Prime Minister of the day, and against this there scarcely could be any cavil. All the tendency of modern politics is for the individual to shirk responsibility. There never was a War Minister yet who did not blame his predecessor, and we need go no further back for an example than a speech made by Mr. Balfour during the course of the summer, in which he tried to argue that the muddle of the South African War was largely due to the incapacity of his predecessors in office, in spite of the fact that his opponents had not been in power for nine years. We do not allude to this in a spirit of

criticism of Mr. Balfour, who was only doing what politicians of every stamp have often done before, but to show a difficulty that Lord Esher's Committee had in some way to surmount. Again, certain statesmen had exhibited a tendency to dissociate themselves from purely military considerations. It was not so in the past, when, as a matter of fact, all military arrangements on a large scale were in the hands of the First Minister of the Crown.

The most important recommendation made by the Committee is that the office of Commander-in-Chief should be altogether abolished, and a little consideration will, we think, show that they are justified in giving this advice. In a sentence are stated the defects of the system as it exists—"The scientific study of Imperial resources, the co-ordination of the ever-varying facts upon which Imperial rule rests, the calculation of forces required, and the broad plans necessary to sustain the burden of Empire, have, until quite recently, found no place in our system of government." Now to secure attention to these neglected matters it was necessary that drastic changes should be introduced, and the first of these is the formation of an adequate Defence Committee. It is recommended that it should have a permanent nucleus, and this should consist of (1) A permanent secretary appointed for five years; (2) Two naval officers selected by the Admiralty, two military officers chosen by the War Office, and two Indian officers nominated by the Viceroy. If possible, to these should be added one or more representatives of the Colonies. These officers are not to be of high rank, and their appointment should be limited to two years. The duties of this permanent nucleus would be to consider all questions of Imperial Defence from a Naval, Military, Indian, and Colonial point of view; to obtain and collect information from the Admiralty, the War Office, India Office, Colonial Office, and other Departments of State; to prepare documents required by the Prime Minister and the Defence Committee; and to furnish such advice as may be asked for, and keep adequate records for the use of the Cabinet. In the remainder of the reorganisation scheme the Admiralty system of high administration is taken as a basis. The Committee, in defence of this, remark that this system is absolutely sound in principle, and has been handed down without material change from the period of our great naval wars. And this touches the weak point of the previous Army organisation. We have hitherto organised our military system on the assumption that peace was to be maintained. The alternative is to rearrange it so that we should always be ready for war.

The Army would be governed by a council of seven members, consisting of the Secretary of State, four Military members, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, and the Financial Secretary. The first military member would be mainly concerned with military policy and its branches. The second would be devoted to recruiting, pay, discipline, rewards, and peace regulations. To the third member would be allotted the question of supply, including clothing. In place of a Commander-in-Chief an Inspector-General should be appointed, and his sole function should be the examination of actual facts. The Inspector-General of the Forces would practically take the place now held by the Commander-in-Chief. His duties would be those of review and of report upon the practical results of the policy of the Army Council. His field of action would cover the United Kingdom and those portions of the Empire where troops are stationed. Finally, "He must form a judgment, either personally or through his staff, as the Army Council may direct, on the efficiency of officers and men, on the handling of troops, on the standard and system of training, on the suitability of equipment, and generally on all that affects the readiness of the forces for war." In order to discharge these duties properly he would have under his direction a staff of officers, who should be Inspectors of Cavalry, Horse and Field Artillery, Garrison Artillery, Engineers, and Mounted Infantry. Such in rough outline is the scheme set before the country by Lord Esher's Committee. It will be followed in due course by one that will go more thoroughly into detail, but the main lines of the policy are clearly and decisively laid down. They are much more promising than anything done by the chaos which previously has gone under the name of the War Office, and which has been a mere factory of red tape, drill, and formula. If the defences of this country are to be put on an efficient and sound footing some such change as this was inevitable, and the country has every cause to feel indebted to Lord Esher and the other members of the Committee for the prompt, thorough, and resolute manner in which they have set forth their views. It remains to be seen if the Government has courage enough to set about carrying out the recommendations.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Princess Alice of Albany, whose marriage to Prince Alexander of Teck is arranged to take place next week. Princess Alice is the daughter of the Duchess of Albany, whose country seat is Claremont, Esher.



WITH all the pomp and pageantry to which we have been accustomed since the beginning of the present reign, King Edward VII. opened Parliament on Tuesday, after having made, along with Queen Alexandra, a procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster. It could not be this alone that accounted for the enormous quantity of people who had applied for seats. In addition to a feeling of loyalty, there is a general belief that the session now entered upon is likely to be a momentous one in English history. During the recess, too, party leaders have acquired a new interest. They have been more before the public than usual, and in consequence have awakened a curiosity to see them. What the succeeding months will bring forth it would be rash to prophesy. Indeed, the first fortnight must be spent in a remarrying of forces. The amendment to the Address, proposed by Mr. John Morley, was obviously destined to make the different members declare themselves on the fiscal question, and the divisions that must shortly ensue will once and for all settle on which side each is to be ranged. With all that, there is an ominous feeling in the country that it might easily happen, before much time has elapsed, that something will arise to shelve the fiscal question altogether, and centre our attention on a subject of far more imminent and vital importance, for it would be idle to deny that just now the dread spirit of war is hovering over Europe, and whether he will descend or not no man at present can say.

The constitution of Parliament as it opens this session offers a curious study, since every great disintegrating movement seems to give birth to new political groups. Instead of the simple and clear division between Whig and Tory that used to be in the days before Joseph Hume started the Radical party, we have quite a number of combinations differing in size. No longer can we divide the House into Home Rulers and Unionists, which was a point of difference fairly clear after Mr. Gladstone's conversion to the doctrines of Parnell. The Home Rulers are still with us, but the Unionists are split up, and some following the Duke of Devonshire are at least as much Free Traders as Unionists, and regard the fiscal question as the most important one of the present moment. There are, again, the out-and-out Protectionists—"Whole-hoggers," as they are called in the elegant phraseology of the moment—who are led by Mr. Chamberlain, now nominally in opposition. But the opposite party, led in the House of Lords by the Duke of Devonshire, is also in opposition. If we add to these Labour Members, Socialists, and Individualists, we are bound to admit, whatever our political opinions, that the English Parliament is developing into a chaos very similar to that which exists in many continental bodies of the same kind.

The clouds in the Far East have been thickening since last we wrote, and the impression grows deeper that war is unavoidable. It is not a question merely of Korea or Manchuria that is at stake, but the real issue is whether Russia or Japan is to have the task of dominating and reorganising the East. Obviously a rivalry such as this is not likely to be settled by diplomacy, and what is now engaging the attention of thoughtful politicians is how far Great Britain and Europe are likely to be dragged into the quarrel. In some quarters there is a tendency to fear that a conflict may arise between the Anglo-Saxon races and the rest of Europe. The trade interest of the United States coincides with our own, and as far as sentiment goes Great Britain and the States would feel in unison. It is not easy to say, however, that the Americans would think the issue worth the risking of a single battleship, or even of a man. On the other hand, continental politicians have tried before to bring about a combination of Germany, Austria, and France for the support of Russia. These complications lend much anxiety to the study of events in the Far East, and will cause them to be watched with a vigilance that is almost dramatic in its intensity.

We are constantly being told of the vigour and expansiveness of Germany, but it must occur to some of us at times to doubt whether this be anything more than a tradition. There are many signs to indicate that the Empire of the Kaiser is not the homogeneous entity that he would like it to be. The increase of the Socialist Party in the German Parliament, and its menace, which at every election becomes more pronounced, of growing into the predominant faction in home politics, is evidence of discontent with absolutism that would, perhaps, be more widely understood were the German Press as free as our own. But journalists, with the penalties attaching to *lèse-majesté* continually before them, are unable to give voice to the true aspirations of their countrymen. Again, the birth-rate returns of a country are usually accepted as an indication of its growth or decline, and those of Germany have shown a steady decrease during the last few decades. From 1870 to 1880 the number of births was 40.7 per cent. per 1,000 inhabitants; during the next ten years it fell to 38.2; and from 1890 to 1900 it dropped again to 37.4. In the capital of the country, Berlin, this decrease is most marked, the number of births being 1,700 less there in 1903 than it was two years ago. We must remember that the pre-eminence of Germany is only supported by vague rhetoric and assertion, and these are cold, hard facts that are well worth the attention of studious people.

The Norwegian Government has lately been setting soldiers in marching order to travel for several consecutive days on ski—the long "foot-sledges," as they may be called, in which the Scandinavians move over the snow and accomplish prodigious leaps coming down an inclined plane. The result has been to show that the military ski-runner of ordinary proficiency can travel over snow in fair condition just about as far as soldiers in marching order can move over ordinary roads free from snow. For several days the average distance was about seventeen miles. The idea of ski-running, and of all forms of movement over snow and ice, is so associated with speed in our minds, that it is difficult not to feel a sense of disappointment at this relatively poor rate of progress; but it is to be remembered that it is made over country where the soldier in his common footgear would make practically no way at all. Thus judged, and it is the only right way of judging, the possible value of the ski in warfare conducted where the snow is apt to lie long becomes very apparent.

THE VILLAGE CARRIER.

When we to see the world wide,
Do goo or else wi' friends to bide,
Up into van we pop and ride
Wi' carrier into town.
To jobs—all sorts—he's vust to tend,
"Haf pound o' drippin'—pick to mend,"
For everywoone's an err'n to send
By carrier into town.
He've got to think of all he's told,
To buy or change, to match or hold,
Or else he'm look to hear them scold
At carrier back from town.
They wait for'n all along the road
Wi' rope-tied boxes—they be drowed
Up top—till rides a tidy load
Wi' carrier into town.
A pair he now be come to drive,
For heraway the volk do thrive
And trade be summat, kep' alive
By carrier into town. BLUE VINNY.

On Saturday last a great deal of excitement was got up on the part of those who are interested in the new craze for wrestling, by a match which was announced to take place between a Russian and a Turk. Their nicknames must remind many people of the old pugilistic times when this or the other "pet" was fancied for a round, the one being the "Russian Lion" and the other the "Terrible Turk." The match itself proved to be somewhat disappointing to those who had gone to seek a prolonged spell of excitement. One wrestler made such a fierce attack on the other that an arm was put out of joint, and the whole thing was over in 44sec. Most of those who take an outside view of these amusements must have expected something of the kind to happen. Both gladiators are of extraordinary strength, and were trained to the highest pitch, and an encounter between them either in what is called the Græco-Roman style or the catch-as-catch-can must inevitably be dangerous to life or limb. If this craze continues, it will be a question whether or not the Government should step in and suppress such spectacles by Act of Parliament.

In saying this, we are not at all desirous of discouraging the fine old pastime of wrestling, but, on the contrary, regret that it should be so rapidly disappearing from country meetings. Only there is no more similarity between the professional wrestling of these foreigners and that of villagers than there is between

the acrobatics seen in the music-hall and the exercises of a school of physical culture. The professional in these days has not only been trained from his youth, but belongs to a family in which his occupation is hereditary, and it is quite useless for anyone who takes up athletics merely as an amusement to emulate him. If, by any possibility, wrestling and boxing, of the innocent rustic kind, should be revived in the market towns and villages, we should accord them the same hearty welcome that we give to other manly pastimes, but this is a very different matter from being one of the crowd that collects to witness an encounter between the hired gladiators at a place of public amusement.

When dealing with this subject, it may be interesting to refer to an admirable speech about our amusements made by Sir Oliver Lodge at the Authors' Clubhouse on Monday night. Sir Oliver is of opinion that the working classes do not care anything like so much as is supposed for the light, frivolous, and absolutely silly amusements too often provided for them. Newspapers of the baser sort and music-halls take an estimate of the labourer's intellect that is something worse than insulting. They do not seem to recognise that he has a really serious side to his nature, and that an appeal to that would be more effective than the tomfoolery too frequently presented to him. In proof of what he was saying Sir Oliver Lodge referred to the fact that some time ago he was giving a lecture to the artisans in Birmingham about radium. The room held 3,000 people, and not only was it crowded, but at least an equal number had to be sent away for want of space. Here we have evidence of a genuine thirst for information on the part of the working man, and we believe that if something of greater solidity were given to the literature and the amusements offered him, those who provided these things would have no reason to regret it, even from their own point of view, which is that of £ s. d.

One thing we have to thank the trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright for is the delightful phrase "window-dressing." As used in the Stock Exchange it means the preparation of a balance-sheet for the eye of the public and independent of what there might be, so to speak, inside the shop. But "window-dressing" is so emphatically a modern art that we expect to see the phrase widely adopted. In politics it is the commonest of tricks to place the more attractive part of the programme, or facts, before the public and to conceal the others, but just now the point is a very delicate one and shall not be urged here. In journalism "window-dressing" has long been carried on as a fine art. In fact, the knack of shoving into the front all those things that are striking, emotional, shrieking, regardless of what truth behind may be, is the popular journalist's key to success. "Window-dressing" is an excellent subject for the satirical essayist if any writers are not too intent on achieving popular success to emulate the work of Swift and "lash the vices of the age."

The conference of the Nature Study Union the other day brought out some curious differences of opinion, as the town schoolmasters express much envy of their country brethren in this matter. How could you teach Nature, was the burden of their lament, in the midst of London smoke? But the rural pedagogue had his retort ready. The children of the rural swain, he said, were of the tribe of Peter Bell, concerning whom it hath been written, "A primrose by the river's brim, a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." As a matter of fact, the village urchin knows and cares nothing at all about outside things. Anyone who questions him will find that he calls every bird a sparrow, whether it be a bullfinch or a wren, and that if asked the names, local or otherwise, of the weeds and flowers that grow on waste and roadside, he is entirely ignorant of them, whereas town children often pick up these things very quickly. Perhaps the reason is just the same as that usually given to account for the circumstance that the finest writers on country themes have been townsmen, like Izaak Walton, the mere fact of a visit to the country being only an occasional treat lending it a gusto and a pleasure unfelt by those who get oppressed by the dreariness of a long sojourn there. However, Canon Steward, who lives in the New Forest, offered to send up from there plants and fir cones and other objects of natural history, which the London schoolmaster can make the subjects of object-lessons to his children. If he does that, and also provides that they have as many excursions as possible into Arcadia, they will not be so much worse off than their country cousins.

It is satisfactory to see that the cruel lesson of the Chicago theatre is not to be without its effect. Last week an exhibition was given at the Alhambra, of a nature to convince the most fearful that it is possible to render the scenic properties fire-proof, and that at the Alhambra, at all events, this has been done with success. The first exhibition was of woodwork, canvas, and flimsy materials, such as gauze, in their ordinary state, when, of course, the fire applied to them lapped them quickly, and it became painfully easy to realise how the panic of fire may spread

and bring its fatal consequences. The second exhibition was of precisely similar materials that had been treated by the process that makes them non-flammable, and on these the fire took no hold whatever. It is only just to the management of the Alhambra to say that these precautionary measures of rendering all the stage properties impervious to fire were taken nearly a year ago, and only this exhibition of their efficacy is the result of the lamentable tragedy that has thrown Chicago into mourning.

Possibly we may take it as an evidence of the *entente cordiale*, but in any case, whatever its significance, the fact is certain, and obvious, that the manners of dress, both masculine and feminine, in Paris and London respectively, are more similar than they used to be even a very few years ago. Of course, for years our ladies have taken their models from Paris, and the difference has been only that they have been a few weeks or months belated and, perhaps, a trifle less daring. But in the costume of the men there has been, until quite the last year or two, a very marked difference. The shape of the hat and the curve of the brim have been distinctive in the two capitals, and there has been something more sartorially subtle, but still apparent, in the cut of the more important garments, even of the boots, to mark all the difference. But now all points of difference have disappeared. The better dressed of the men on the boulevards might be exchanged for the men in Piccadilly or Pall Mall, without either country visibly knowing that a change had been made. Which of the two has more assimilated to the other it is perhaps not possible to say, but this at least is sure, that the coming of the motor-car has reconciled the Briton to the wearing of a fur coat with far less sense of self-consciousness and distaste than used to be the case, and that this furriness helps to assimilate his costume in some degree to that of the Frenchman. That, however, does not account for the general likeness, which is a feature of late years, in the garb of the Briton and the Gaul, of a certain class, in their respective capitals.

The Tay, which fished so wonderfully well last autumn, seems as if it meant to keep up its good character, for the opening of the season has been very good. The best fish that we have heard of is one just over 28lb., but probably there may have been heavier caught. A very large number of kelts seem to be in the water, giving as much trouble and disappointment as it is their manner to do to the angler. But this is a drawback always associated with spring fishing. What is less frequently the case is that the weather has been mild and pleasant. While the past season has been perhaps the worst on record for the gunner, taking all kinds of sport with the gun and all parts of the country into the purview, there has been compensation in the angler's season being something like a best on record—always provided the record be restricted to the last score or so of years. In fishing, sad to say, we find that we are far worse off than our fathers, who lived in times when salmon were much more plentiful or much more hungry for the angler's lure. In shooting the case is quite otherwise. Where our fathers killed their tens we kill our hundreds, whether of pheasant, grouse, or partridge.

We are well accustomed to hearing Americans run down the character of the English climate, but there are probably few of us who would be inclined to exchange it for a typical year's weather on the other side of the Atlantic. Over vast areas of the United States intense frost, varied by torrential rains, has been making human existence penitential in the extreme, and in town and country alike the actual suffering has been great. Nowhere does it seem to have been much worse than in New York itself, where the thermometer has moved up and down near zero for several weeks. One of the most curious consequences of this intense cold is its effect upon dogs, numbers of which are reported to have shown all the symptoms of hydrophobia usually produced by great heat, and the hospitals contain many cases of severe bites received by foot-passengers in the streets. A natural effect of the prevailing scarcity of water, owing to the hard frost, is the heavy increase of various forms of infectious disease.

The appearance of a couple of house-martins which was recorded a few days ago by a resident on the South Coast, is striking testimony to the mildness of the winter. Every year there are a considerable number of house-martins which, for one reason or another, fail to join the rest of their species on their southward flight in autumn, and they are often noticed on warm days well up to the end of November, or even later, but it is seldom that they succeed in surviving and finding strength to appear on the wing so late in the winter as the third or fourth week in January, even in the mildest and most sheltered localities. In most seasons a prolonged spell of low temperatures kills them off, either by actual cold or by the extermination of their insect food, considerably before this date. The power of hibernating, in reality amounting to nothing more than the ability to resist actual starvation for a certain number of days.

WINTER OCCUPATIONS.

IN those days of winter "when icicles hang by the wall, and pick the postler blows his nails," there may be much pleasure by the open fireside in the country, but outside labour is hard and difficult. In hilly country, such as our pictures show, cause for anxiety arises as soon as the big flakes of snow begin descending with that beautiful regularity which they assume before a storm. Well does the shepherd know that dangers await his flock. The sheep are accustomed to

travel by certain footpaths perfectly well known to themselves, and answering to the "runs" of hares and rabbits, for the animals have their fields divided geographically into parishes with highways running through them, much in the way that we do. But when the snow falls it covers up the tracks, and the sheep are liable to lose their way. This is all the more easy on account of the instinct which they follow of always ascending the hills at nightfall. It may be that the top presents to them a greater place of safety from wild animals; at least, one cannot conceive any other reason for a habit evinced by so many creatures of mounting upwards at night. Chickens,



H. Wanless.

LOST SHEEP.

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for instance, will never be content till they get to the highest possible perch, although a lower one may be more comfortable; even a horse will steadily climb up towards the top of a hill, and on a cold, frosty night, when the sun is descending and objects on the horizon are clearly defined, may often be seen there standing by some stump of a tree, as if he expected to find shelter from it. So in like manner do the sheep turn their heads towards the top of a hill, and as often as

not wander far from their usual haunts. If overtaken by the snowstorm, they lose themselves altogether; and should a wind arise, they get covered by the drift. Even for this eventuality Nature has made a wise provision, since sheep, if slowly drifted up by snow, will keep a space open by breathing. The dampness of their breath melts an area round them, and over and over again a lost flock has been discovered safe and sound under its white blanket; but as newspaper reports testify, it is but too frequently the case that they perish by thousands in a snowstorm.

Between the vicissitudes of a dumb animal and those of



W. Hawlings.

A SNOWSTORM ON DARTMOOR.

Copyright



R. W. Robinson.

A FORKFUL OF HAY.

Copyright



R. W. Robinson.

A COLD LOOK-OUT.

Copyright



R. W. Robinson.

A WELCOME LOAD.

Copyright

the bipeds who take care of them there is a curious similarity. When the snow begins to fall, the cottage people, especially the poorer of them, often look into the coal-house, to find too late that it is empty, and anything more dreary than a fireless house in midwinter it would be impossible to imagine. In the afternoon the children are sent out into the woods to gather blown firewood for fuel, like the celebrated old man in the ballad who lived by St. Agnes' fountain. Gathering sticks must be a very ancient occupation of rustic children as legend says of the man in the moon that he was translated to that distant sphere for gathering sticks on a Sunday; though why ever afterwards he should go about with his bush and dog, as Caliban said, it is difficult to say. Gathering sticks is a privilege that landowners allow by a tradition which is not without interest. Lopping trees for firewood is a very old right of common, and points to the time when the peasant had nothing else to depend on for his fuel. No doubt it would be accompanied by an exercise of the privilege to gather the rotten branches blown down by the wind; and so among country people in the older-fashioned districts of Great Britain there is an implicit belief that the inhabitant of the cottage has a right to timber that has been blown, and we do not know that the claim is as absurd as it might appear on a first glance; but the question is a very difficult one to argue out. The whole theory of feudal lordship was that the landowner should be as much as possible the protector of his people, who, on their part, owed him, besides so much work done for wages, their loyalty and affection. When the labourer of to-day insists upon having not this paternal care, but definite hours and hard cash, he cannot be surprised to find some of his ancient privileges questioned and even withdrawn. Luckily, it has happened that scarcely ever in the last decade, and not, at any rate, since 1894 and 1895, has King Frost exerted his cruel tyranny; but even in our time, when all sorts of people are supposed to be so much richer and more comfortable, a snow-storm of three weeks' duration drives thousands to the woods for such fuel as they can get, and near towns we have seen them extremely glad to be accorded the favour of being allowed to stub up the roots of cut trees and get logs from the stubs.

But the winter always looks at its best on a farm, because there is little suggestive of actual starvation on it, except it be that thousands of birds which usually keep far from it are attracted to the stack-yard, and even to the inside of the barns, where they are carefully trapped by the urchins who make a snow-storm into a holiday. Robins and sparrows and finches, blackbirds and thrushes, tits and wrens are almost equally subject to winter's stern compulsion. Water-birds become almost too tame, for we remember a farmplace in our youth where the moorhens were nothing short of a nuisance from their habit of coming up and stealing the food of the poultry. They were much grumbled at, but the master of that house and farm was a whimsical person who loved all wild creatures, and would not on any account permit a gun to be fired, or even a stone to be thrown, at these

applicants for his bounty. The domestic birds do not like the snow at all, and chickens will stay in any kind of coop rather than venture out into it. It is now a problem of the clever henwife to produce eggs in spite of the cold. She must be up betimes and give them something hot, a little barley-meal mixed with water for preference, before they feel the first chill of the morning, and, indeed, it is absolutely



R. W. Robinson GATHERING WINTER FUEL.

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necessary to protect them both from snow and wet and to keep them happy and well fed all day if they are expected to lay.

Cattle require particular attention during the hard days of winter, and we do not know of any picture more characteristic of the time of the year than that which so often did duty with our forefathers—a labourer carrying a forkful of hay with which to feed his cows. In many old books we have come across delightful woodcuts of this very natural picture, and it is worth noting that, although some of them were drawn a couple of centuries ago, our photographer of to-day shows us precisely the same thing. There has been little change in this duty of the cattleman over a period that has to be counted by centuries.

In the fields cows do not get very much harm from snow, especially if a shed, or what in some parts of the country is called a hemel, is put up for them. Indeed, the mistake most commonly made is that of coddling pedigree beasts too much. Many breeders that we know turn the purest-bred animals out for the whole of the winter; and although those who are so treated may not be the prize-winners of the year, they are found in practice to be the best to breed from. The King, when he was Prince of Wales, had his Shire horses turned out on the marshes, practically running wild, all the winter, with the cold air of the North Sea blowing upon them continually. Under these circumstances, it has been found that they developed a splendid constitution, and many of the champions of recent years have been obtained as foals from these marshes. Applying the same principle to cattle, it is much better to have them out at least

R. W. Robinson.

for a part of the day if they can possibly stand it, since the fresh air counterbalances any ill effect of the cold, and by keeping them in hot byres they become extremely liable to catch cold and to fall victims to other diseases.

But it is not possible to write on a subject of this kind and confine one's self to the purely utilitarian side of the picture. Winter has its beauties as well as its privations. One of the most modern of our bards has sung the impressions of the shepherd when he sees the red midwinter sun rise over his fold. And whatever one loves of starlight and moonlight and cloud-pictures and red sunsets is to be seen what time the fields are grey with snow and the river glides black between its whitened banks. Even the woodlands to a fine taste are better now than they were in midsummer. The difference might be likened to that between a building of severe yet perfect proportions and another in which proportion had not been carefully observed, but on which the builder, the sculptor, and the architect had lavished scroll-work and carving. The leaves of the great giants of the field hedgerow as well as of the forest are gone. No adventitious help is derived from bud and blossom and the light and shade of summer, but the tree in all its magnificent strength, its great limbs standing out to view, and its twiggy bare and leafless, is seen exactly as it is, one of the marvels of the earth. The oak is no longer the great green globe which you see when its branches are thick with the leaves of summer, but all its lines and every bit of its contour rise clear and naked to the eye. Nor is ornament altogether lacking. When the weaver of snow is busy at her loom, and sending her flakes to the southward, or when the frost casts his rime upon the branches till all the woodland is silvered, the trees attain a grace and dignity beyond that which is granted to them at the height of the growing season. Promise is there, too, for no sooner is the raiment of autumn cast aside than the black buds are formed which will be the garment of the ensuing spring.

So the seasons not only succeed one another, but are inextricably combined one with another, and Nature has so planned it that each in due course has its pleasures and is a preparation for its successor. From the beginning of all things they have stepped in a sober minuet, spring leading the way, summer following, autumn, with her tresses gay, dancing behind, and stern winter bringing up the rear. So it has been and will be till the earth shrinketh up as a garment.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

THE resignation of a Master of the Quorn is always an event of importance. With whatever deductions arising from temporary circumstances, the Quorn is still the first Hunt in the kingdom. The Masters are the successors of such famous sportsmen as Meynell, Smith, and Osbaldeston. The country is, take it all in all, the best riding ground in England. Of this long line of sportsmen, Captain Burns-Hartopp, the twenty-fifth Master of the Quorn, is not the least notable. Probably he will be recollected for the pluck and courage with which he has faced and overcome difficulties that might have daunted many men less strong in their love of sport or less resolute. When he was



HARD PUT TO IT.

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Mr. Burns of the Blues he was noted for a certain resolute persistence in steering horses not always of the best over Leicestershire. He was always keen, and few men enjoyed their hunting more. When he became, by right of his marriage to Miss Hartopp, a Leicestershire landowner, he was marked out for the Mastership if he would accept it. The opportunity came, and he accepted it. Then his troubles began. In the first place he lost his huntsman, Tom Furr, the greatest of a long line of capable men. Then came two or three years of most indifferent scent, and, for the Quorn, of moderate sport, followed by his own serious accident that kept him out of the saddle for a year. With the appointment of Tom Bishopp as huntsman things looked brighter, and this last season has been marked by brilliant sport. Personally popular Captain Burns-Hartopp must always be; but even if he persists in his resignation, everyone will feel that the country has been carried over a difficult time, and that a comparatively smooth path is open for his successor.

The Hunt has financial anxieties—it would be too much to call them troubles—but these are, in the nature of things, difficulties to which all modern Hunts are liable; they will, no doubt, be overcome. Captain Burns-Hartopp leaves a country free of mangle and wire, an improving pack of hounds in the kennel, and an excellent supply of foxes. The Hunt Committee will be fortunate if they can find a successor; a more thorough sportsman it will be difficult to discover. The Quorn Hunt is not the only one in the shires that has its troubles; in the Belvoir everything is not quite smooth. The trouble arises, as I understand, from the fact of hounds not arriving at the advertised fixture. The day was not one on which any Master could be blamed for not allowing his horses and hounds to hunt. The fault lay in not sending a man on horseback to tell the waiting crowd that in the Master's opinion the hounds ought not to hunt, and of this he is the sole judge. Yet courtesy demands that much, and wisdom dictates it, for the longer people wait about in the cold the more acute does their sense of injury become. The real trouble lies in an unavoidable cause—the ill-health that has kept Sir Gilbert out of the field so much.

As I looked out of the windows of my lodgings last week it seemed that the frost had really come. Already several flies had rumbled past to the station, loaded with luggage. I had caught a glimpse of an acquaintance, one of the spoiled children of fortune, who always takes the *train-de-lux* for Monte Carlo when the east wind blows. Then a thought seized me, and I telegraphed to find out whether hunting in the West was still open. I have never seen a hind killed or a fox hunted on Exmoor. In another hour or two I was off to the station, and Melton town was left behind. It is a dull town in a frost, especially in lodgings. I am a poor billiard player, and cannot afford Bridge. It is a cross-country journey, but use makes it familiar; and from Leicester to Birmingham, and thence to Bristol, the railways have made it easy for dwellers in the West to hunt in the shires if they have a mind to change heather for grass. I once knew a lady, the daughter of a West Country Master, who rather astonished us by the way she rode over High Leicestershire. But she explained that our smooth grass and well-cut fences were child's play after galloping over the rough ground of her native land. This is true of Exmoor in the summer, still more true in the winter, when the roads and lanes are hardly to be distinguished from trout streams. Never-



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GETTING AWAY WITH HOUNDS.

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theless, the West Country has always its own charm for the sportsman. Few people see it in the winter, but the tints and colouring of the hills and woods then are in their way as beautiful as the autumn. Of my two days the second was perfect in weather, and the first showed an admirable gallop. Moreover, as they were on different parts of Exmoor, one had the chance of seeing much country. Mr. Morland Geig is now joint-Master of the Devon and Somerset, and Mr. Philip Evered, a stag-hunter and the son of a stag-hunter, makes an admirable deputy. Sydney Tucker is quite the picture of a huntsman as he sits in the midst of that grand pack of dog hounds, that has surely never been better than now.

There is no crowd, no picnic, no bustle. Hind-hunting is a business, though, as I hope to show, a very excellent sport. Hartford Cleave had three hinds. Pursuers of the carted deer—and I have had my share of this—know well what a wonderful animal a red deer hind is. But hounds have seldom travelled more swiftly over the grass of the Vale of Aylesbury than did Mr. Sanders's big pack as they streamed away over the heather. The scent was burning, and the hounds raced hard at a pace that taxed the best-mounted to be with them. There was a touch of frost in the air, and a sprinkling of hoar frost on the heather. The cream of the gallop was over Winsford Hill, and here I felt more at home, for I had seen a fine chase after a stag in the autumn, and had not forgotten the country. Down the Barle Valley, backwards and forwards, hounds raced, and but for a lucky turn no more would have been seen. No more, in fact, was seen; hearing was the guiding sense, till a fairly-beaten hind was taken at Torr Steps—an early British bridge of primitive construction over the Barle. I much prefer the ford if any way practicable. The second day the hounds were at Dunkery Hill, and with two hinds before them came by way of the ridge of Grabbist, whence, if you have time to look, there is a magnificent panorama over Dunster, its castle and woods, and the rich slopes of the Quantocks beyond. But hounds were running hard, and it was a lovely day, in spite of an occasional sweeping squall. The air was clear, and one could hear and see everything. Somewhere by Hopcott the hinds divided, and the whipper-in, with ten couple of hounds and the help of some labourers, took one hind unhurt, and she is lodged at Minehead. I should like to have stayed longer and seen the West Somerset, a pack, by the way,

that have secured a new Master in Mr. Boles of Watts Hoase, Bishop's Lydeard, to the satisfaction of the neighbourhood. An interesting instance of the maternal instinct of the red deer was given me. If at any time hounds get on the line of a hind with a calf running with her, the hind will kick the youngster into a suitable covert, where it will lie perfectly still while the hounds stream over it. In the meantime, the hind leads the pack away from a spot. Whatever the distance, the hind will return, and the two will be together again the next day. The frost had passed away, and it was time to return to Leicestershire when the news of the Quorn Master's resignation, of which I have already taken note, met me. The break up of the frost had been followed by two notable gallops, for on Thursday Mr. Fernie, meeting at Billesdon, had shown a Melton detachment the way home at a great pace. A fox from Thurnby Gorse had gone away at a great pace to the Coplow.



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STRAGGLERS.

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It was late in the day, and my informant pulled up and began to jog quietly home, when he heard hounds running, and saw the pack racing along pointing to Galby. Crossing the Leicester road with them, he had a smart gallop on his homeward route until hounds were stopped in the gathering dusk at Houghton.

X.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

A WRITER can scarcely have any more valuable heritage than a good name. We do not use the phrase in its usual acceptation, but as indicating a name that falls pleasantly on the ear, and to some extent suggests the sort of literature you may expect from it. Looking back, it seems to be either a strange coincidence or an effect of fate that nearly all great writers have been suitably named. Geoffrey Chaucer, William Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser, Henry Fielding, Walter Scott—all these names have a dignity

the following morning—a memory that suggests the evanescence of their art. It at any rate does not appeal to the future generations, but only in its full sense to the audience which listened, and no amount of writing can reproduce for us the charm and influence exerted by those who delivered themselves *viva voce*. The eloquence of Pitt and Chatham and Fox among politicians, of Chalmers and Robertson and Irving and Taylor himself among preachers, must of necessity be a matter of tradition, although it is possible that future generations may, through modern invention, be able to recognise and know the oratory of our own day. We know that one of the latest of our poets, Robert Browning, had his conversation bottled up, so to speak, in a phonograph, and Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery, and Mr. Balfour may possibly live in their voices long after their generation has known them no more.

But in the case of Jeremy Taylor, though it is difficult for us to realise the charm and beauty of his preaching, his life itself is one of great interest. He had the luck, among other things, to live in a stirring period in English history. Born in August, 1613, he was still a young man when the struggles began between Charles I. and his Parliament. It has to be put to the credit of Laud that he was one of the first to recognise the merits of the young preacher, and to show himself eager to possess his services. That play was played out; Charles was executed; Cromwell succeeded him; Laud and Strafford met their tragic fate, and new men no less interesting began to occupy the stage. Among these was the accomplished and interesting Evelyn. He had spent his early life travelling and studying in Italy and elsewhere; his interests were wide, perhaps too much so to do credit to his faculties, for he spread himself over so many subjects that he was supreme in none. But he, too, recognised the ability of Jeremy Taylor, and became one of his closest friends, thus lending additional interest to this biography.

Mr. Gosse has worked out the details very carefully, and his history of Jeremy Taylor is one of the most successful of his books. Here, however, it is of less interest to follow the minute facts of this biography than to try and form some opinion of the subject of it. Speaking for ourselves, we do not profess to take that delight in reading "Holy Living and Dying" which it evidently yielded to the author's contemporaries. Christianity in some respects is like a garment, and subject to fashion. Those who interpret it to one generation do not appeal in the same manner as do its exponents in another. The doctrines may be eternal, but their enunciation in mediæval times must inevitably have differed from the interpretation of them to people who have from childhood sucked in the teaching of evolution and modern science. Perhaps it may be true, it is, at any rate, to the writer, that only one divine has made his voice heard triumphantly through all the ages since he lived, and this it need hardly be said is the author of "The Imitation of

Christ." But the value of this book does not lie in its religious teaching, but in the writer's more than human understanding of all those things that disturb and disarray and desolate the hearts of people. It is not his knowledge of Divine revelation, but his treatment of all the wide gamut of human endeavour, passion, and suffering. In a word, he gives us what the Psalmist gave us, what Homer and Dante and Shakespeare gave us, and what every true poet and seer has had to say since the beginning of the world. Jeremy Taylor does not rise to this platform. He had more of the charm of language; he was a master of rhetoric, whose appeal was to emotions and instinct. He did not possess the profound insight into those deeper emotions of the soul that alternately lift and depress mankind. The most exquisite laudation of him ever printed was that of George Rust, who, as Mr. Gosse says, paints him as he knew him, and we reproduce the passage here:

"This great prelate had the good humour of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, and the acuteness of a schoolman, the



S. L. Coulthurst.

WRECKED.

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and euphony, some of which at least is inherent, although it may partly be the effect of long association. But not one of the owners was more fortunate in this respect than the great preacher, Jeremy Taylor. It is as beautiful a name as is to be found in English literature, and forms an excellent start for the biography which Mr. Edmund Gosse has contributed to the English Men of Letters Series (Macmillan). It is possible to argue that the preacher's art resembles in some respects that of the actor and the political orator, that is to say, its effects depend not so much upon the solid thought or the originality of the ideas as upon the personal influence of the artist. A great speaker or a great actor uses many factors in addition to language; sympathy, intonation, the instinctive understanding of his audience—all these go to create a certain glamour which is lost in cold print. Those who knew the great orators of the last generation, of whom John Bright and Mr. Gladstone were the most distinguished, know well how much difference there was between hearing a speech delivered amid the excitement it caused, and reading the same oration in a newspaper

profoundness of a philosopher, the wisdom of a councillor, the sagacity of a prophet, the reason of an angel, and the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for a university, and wit enough for a college of virtuosi; and had his parts and endowments been parcelled out among his poor clergymen that he left behind him, it would, perhaps, have made one of the best dioceses in the world . . . He is fixed in an orb of glory, and shines among his brethren-stars, that in their several ages gave light to the world, and turned many souls unto righteousness; and we that are left behind, though we can never reach his perfections, must study to imitate his virtues, that we may at last come to sit at his feet in the mansions of glory."

But attempt to apply these terms to Augustine or Thomas à Kempis, and it will be found that they discover for us the relative position of Taylor. Yet he could rise very high, as witness the following example of his eloquence:

"Since we stay not here, being people but of a day's abode, and our age is like that of a fly and contemporary with a gourd, we must look

somewhere else for an abiding city, a place in another country to fix our house in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must find rest, or else be restless for ever. For whatever ease we can have or fancy here is shortly to be changed into sadness or tediousness. It goes away too soon, like the periods of our life; or stays too long, like the sorrows of a sinner. Its own weariness, or a contrary disturbance, is its load, or it is eased by its revolution into vanity and forgetfulness. And where either there is sorrow or an end of joy there can be no true felicity, which must be had by some instrument and in some period of our duration. We must carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance."

Of his life itself we have said little. It had its vicissitudes and its sorrows; perhaps it had more than the average amount to try it, and certainly not more than the average amount of consolation, yet it was a fine life to look back on, true and pure and beautiful, and the name will ever be one that smells sweet in the garden of English prosemen.

LETTERS FROM SOMALILAND.

By MRS. ALAN GARDNER.

NEWS came last night of two lions, and Alan started off at once, dinnerless; but it was about two o'clock in the early morning before the lions came to the little zareba where he had posted himself. Hirsi declared he could hear them not far off; but, although there was a bright moon, nothing could be seen—till suddenly, with a terrific roar, a lion bounded out of the darkness on to the tethered donkey. Alan fired at once, almost without taking aim, and hoping to save the poor little donkey's life. The lion fell over, and disappeared in the shadows of the bushes before Alan could fire his second barrel. But the lion was evidently badly wounded, if not dying, and during the rest of the night they heard it growling at intervals not 20yds. away. It would have been worse than foolhardy to attempt to follow him up by the uncertain light of the moon. But at the first glimpse of dawn they walked cautiously to the bushes, where the lion had been growling, Hirsi carrying a second rifle, ready to hand to Alan if wanted. A pool of blood showed where the wounded lion had been lying; but he was gone! The Somalis are excellent trackers, and even a child could have followed up the broad trail; so it was not long before they ran him to earth in a dried-up grass jungle about a mile away. The jungle covered about a half-mile square, and the yellow grass, exactly the



STARTING OFF WITH THE DONKEY.

colour of a lion's skin, was 10ft. or 12ft. high, and so dense that you had to break or cut your way through. A cast round the jungle showed that, dead or alive, the lion was still there, so there was nothing to do but follow up the spoor. Of course, they might have set fire to the grass, but if the beast were dead his skin would have been spoiled.

Several of our armed escort had by this time arrived, so, forming a line, with Alan in the centre, they forced their way through the high grass. It was so likely that the lion, furious from his wound, might kill or maul one of them, that Alan told the men to fire directly they saw the beast. They had hardly got half through the jungle when a furious fusillade commenced on Alan's left. Several shots whistled over his head, and Hirsi, who was standing close by, quietly said: "By the mercy of God, sahib, my life has been spared!" and declared that a bullet had passed through his short, fuzzy hair.

It was impossible to see 5yds. through the dense grass, but just then the lion began to roar, and Alan and his shikari forced their way as quickly as they could towards the sound. In a few seconds they came upon four or five of the men, grouped together in a slightly clearer spot, and pointing to some thick tufts of long grass where the lion had just gone. The roaring and growling still continued, and Alan



MENDING SPEARS.



A KNEELING CAMEL.

presently made out the lion standing half-hidden by the grass, and not roys. off. A couple of shots finished him, and then began endless shoutings and rejoicings. Every Somali insisted upon shaking hands with Alan, who, not in the best of humours, from the careless way they had fired in his direction, put a stop to the noise as soon as he could. The second lion was also close by, or had been when the men came up with the wounded one, and as he was unwounded; he might go some distance.

An examination of the dead lion showed that Alan's shot last night, although a little too far back, had badly crippled him. Besides this shot, and the two that finally killed him, he was absolutely untouched. Eleven shots had been fired by the escort, not one of which had even grazed the lion, although they so nearly did for Hirs. It was a warning to Alan, and for the rest of our trip not a man except himself was allowed to let off a gun.

Hirs is an excellent tracker, and as the soil was soft and sandy, it was an easy task to follow the second lion. The trail soon left the jungle, and over the open ground could be followed at the double. Leaving the men to take the skin off the dead lion, Alan took only his two shikaris to follow the fresh spoor, which went through a country fairly clear of jungle. After about two miles a forest of thick thorns came in sight, and to this retreat the lion had evidently gone.

It was now midday and the sun scorchingly hot, a time when all animals love a siesta in the shade; and it was pretty certain the lion would not venture into the open again before nightfall. For about half a mile they followed the trail through the prickly bushes, when Hirs suddenly whispered in Hindustani, "Take care, sahib, there is the lion," and about 30yds. off Alan caught a glimpse of a huge beast, with mane and tail erect, and evidently watching them. The same

strength. After my hat came my hair, and with a little hesitation they asked if I would mind letting it down.

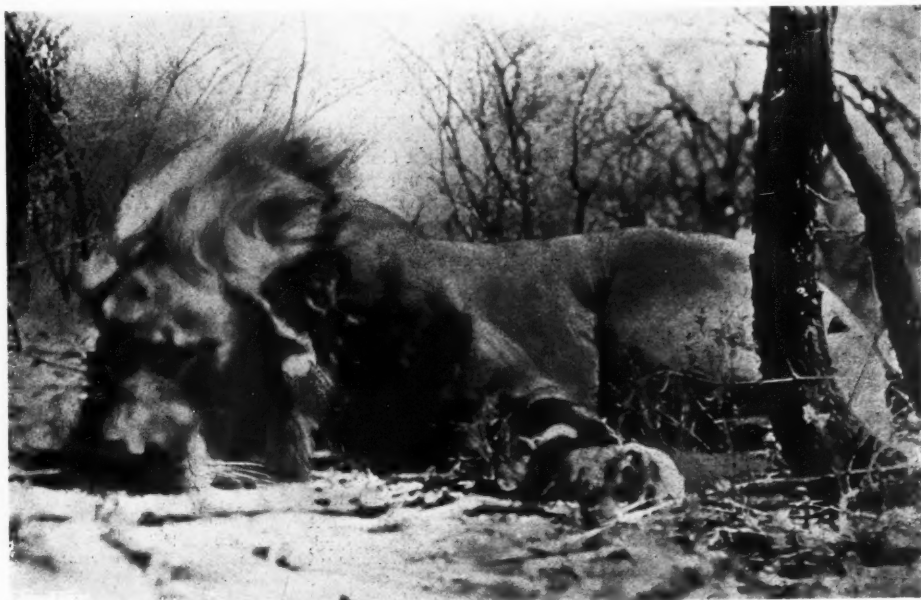
One's coiffure in camp is very simple, and the removal of a few hairpins gratified their curiosity. Then they pressed Cann, who has short curly hair, to do the same. We had to give up all explanation at the difference, and finally they accepted the ayah's theory, that long and short hair was the English distinction between married women and maids, and that when Cann married she would grow her hair long. The Somali woman has, I believe, her hair, or, rather, curly wool, dressed only twice in her life, once when it is plaited in myriads of tiny plaits no thicker than twine, and once again when she marries, when it is enclosed in a blue bag.

After a very lengthy visit I hurried their departure by the gift of a small looking-

glass. They were fascinated with this, and rushed back home, evidently by its reflection to go through a careful



WAITING THE RETURN.



ONE OF THE LIONS.

toilet. After dinner we were invited to witness a war-dance by a man of the Gadabursi tribe. He had killed six men, or, at least, he said so, and for each victim he is allowed to bind a band of brass round his spear—a slightly similar idea to extra clasps for an English war medal. His dance was a wild, frenzied sort of jig, the other men dancing on each side a Somali imitation of Sir Roger de Coverley. All sang, or rather yelled, at the



OUR HEAD-MAN.

top of their voices, whilst the principal performer flung himself from side to side, threw his spear in the air, and occasionally rushed at someone as if he were going to stab him. Then he danced, salaaming wildly, up to the sahib, all the time doing elaborate steps, till, finally, exhaustion brought the performance to a close. Tomorrow we move camp about fifteen miles to a place where there is news of another lion.

ST. ANDREWS IN WINTER.

THE summer and autumnal aspects of St. Andrews are already so well known that comment on them would be superfluous. But the wintry aspect of "that grey city by the Northern seas" is not so familiar. The crowd of summer visitors is gone, the hotels and lodging-houses are deserted, and at last the "residents" come by their own. For St. Andrews contains a singularly close, and even jealous, little community of its own, which avers that the place is never the same when the "rabble of Englishry" and visitors generally has overspread it. Nowadays it is becoming a favourite resort for retired professional men, officers, and others, like Leamington, Cheltenham, Oxford, and Edinburgh in part. Such men as Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., have taken up their residence in the Northern city. Out west, a little south of the links, a new suburb, called Rathelpie, is developing fast. Comfortable villas are being built, at which even the lordliest person need not sneeze. On the whole, St. Andrews is one of the cheapest, healthiest, and most enjoyable places for those who desire to live in an inexpensive retirement. Educational facilities abound. It is still possible for a student to obtain comfortable lodgings in the town for 5s. a week, and, with a Scoto-American gentleman anxious to pay the class fees of all who care to take advantage of his offer, an excellent University education can be obtained at the cheapest rates in this country. The women students almost outnumber the men, and there is at St. Leonard's one of the most admirable girls' schools we possess, where, as a local observer remarks, rather mixing up the sexes, "the lassies rin aboot like healthy young colts." There is plenty of society, quiet, dignified, but by no means insipid, to a great extent resembling that of an English cathedral town. There is the finest air on the East Coast, air like champagne, air that makes one feel, after he has recovered from the somewhat depressing greyness of the winter outlook, as if he were treading on ether instead of cobblestones. Even the weak and invalids become more robust, and can better endure the undeniably eastern winds.

There is but little to add just now about the associations of St. Andrews. The east end of the South Street, with Queen Mary's house and the curious turrets and crow-stepped gables, is as pleasing as ever. The castle stands, and will stand longer now because of the wall of cement that has been built round its base on the side towards the sea. The unique ruins of the cathedral are still quietly impressive, despite the "howkings," carried on by a set of antiquarians, with an enthusiastic Englishman at their head. So far they have only succeeded in digging out a number of old coffins, which are left sadly exposed to the weather. But rumour talks of secret passages leading to the castle or the adjacent monastery. Still, there is interest enough in the churchyard, with its records of old Scottish families, of which many rigidly preserve the right of burial within the precincts, and of University dignitaries. The time-honoured tower of St. Regulus still stands, though it no longer has the roof of burnished copper

which used to shine for the guidance of mariners. Instead a rotating lighthouse lamp is suspended, and sheds its rays, from the graveyard wall. As one passes through, it is compulsory to cast a look at the tombs of "Young Tom" Morris, prematurely cut off at the age of twenty-five, after three consecutive championship victories, and of his senior, Allan Robertson, with their quaint representations of the game with clubs and balls (surely the most curious of tombstones). Here, again, on the other side, lies a mass of white wreaths on the grave of a young soldier accidentally killed at polo. His body was embalmed, and has just been brought home from India.

From the cathedral one insensibly turns down to the old-fashioned harbour. The boats are just in with a goodly harvest of cod and skate. One asks for the smaller fish, the haddock and whiting, so delicious if cooked when fresh out of the water, only to learn that hand-line fishing is abandoned during winter. And indeed the Northern seas are perilous enough for nets. But still St. Andrews remains one of the few seaside places one knows of where it is always possible to secure a supper of good fresh fish before the bulk is sent away to the envious South.

I do not know whether it is the silvery heaps of cod, or the slow, canny, polite talk of the fishermen, that reminds me of one of the most striking passages ever written by Robert Louis Stevenson, describing the Scotsman's idea of the sea, and, despite its somewhat halting Scots, perhaps the most Celtic of his utterances. Here it is—from "The Merry Men":

"And ye come frae the college!" sneered Uncle Gordon. "Gude kens what they learn folk there; it's no muckle service anyway. Do ye think, mon, that there's naething in a' yon saut wilderness o' a world oot wast there, wi' the sea grasses growin', an' the sea beasts fechtin', an' the sun glintin' down into it, day by day? Na; the sea's like the land, but fearsomer. If there's folks ashore, there's folk in the sea—deid they may be, but they're folk whatever; and as for deils, there's nane that's like the sea deils. There's no sae muckle harm in the land deils, when a's said and done. Lang syne, when I was a callant in the south country, I mind there was an auld bald bogle in the Peewie Moss. I got a glisk o' him mysel', sitting on his hunkers in a hag, as gray's a tombstone. An' troth, he was a fearsome-like taed. But he steered naeboddy. Nae doot, if ane that was a reprobate, ane the Lord hated, had gane by there wi' his sin still upon his stamach, nae doot the creature would hae louped upo' the likes o' him. But there's deils in the deep sea would yoke on a communicant! Eh, sirs, if ye had gane doon wi' the puir lads in the Christ-Anna, ye would ken by now the mercy o' the seas. If ye had sailed it for as lang as me, ye would hate the thoct o' it as I do. If ye had but used the een God gave ye, ye would hae learned the wickedness o' that fause, saut, cauld, bullering creature, and of a' that's in it by the Lord's permission: labsters an' partans, and sic-like, howking in the deid; muckle gutsy, blawing whales; an' fish—the hale clan o' them—cauld-wamed, blind-ee'd, uncanny ferlies. O, sirs, he cried, 'the horror—the horror o' the sea!'"

But the obvious duty of the sojourner at St. Andrews must not be neglected. What about the links? Well, the links are somewhat deserted at present; there is much "ground under repair" and not a little "casual water." It is no longer true, as

Andrew Lang has said, that "after crying 'Fore!' at St. Andrews you can commit any crime known to Scots law." Yet I do not know if a more enjoyable game can be had anywhere than at St. Andrews, especially if you have the luck to be accompanied, as I had, by "Auld Tom" Morris. The Nestor of golf, though at times a bit leg-weary, is still, at the age of eighty-two, as "pawkie and slee" in his game, as genial and full of good humour and philosophy, as ever. Though now retired and only honorary "green-keeper," "his eye is not dimmed nor his natural force abated." When his partner putts his ball, not only into a bunker, but into gin. of water therein, and everything depends on that hole, Tom declines to lift and play two more. "No fear," he says; and so the game old veteran plunges into the water, takes his "stance" with care, and "hoicks" his ball out and on to the green. It is a lesson to the younger players, more impressive even than his persistent holing of long putts.

On the way down from Tom's shop to the tee, by the



W. A. Rouch. WRETHAM: THE FIRST STAND OF THE DAY.

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estuary, with its quicksands, to the low, blue hills beyond, one is quite sure that they "hadna." Then one reverses position, and St. Andrews itself, with the lovely tower of the College kirk, the "Toon kirk" steeple, and the graceful ruins of the Cathedral, charms the eye. Yes, it is a lovely spot, even when the tone is dull and grey.

A. N. C.

SHOOTING AT WRETHAM.

THE Wretham shooting, of which, by the kindness of Mr. Sidney Morris, the owner of this unique estate, we are here able to give some account, as well as illustrations of some scenes in this year's sport, now in the tenancy of Sir Andrew Noble, is of a very exceptional character. It is seldom, indeed, that such a wonderful head of game, as well as of wildfowl of very many kinds, is found anywhere. But besides the interest of the sport, the wild and open character of the country, the great scale on which parts of it have been planted, largely with a view to sport, and the unusual nature of the soil, the landscape, and the sudden changes which parts of it have undergone in recent times, from a wilderness of heath to cultivation, and from cultivation back to Nature again, cannot fail to be of the deepest interest to a sportsman, a naturalist, or a landowner. Among all the changes one feature has remained constant—the vast head of



W. A. Rouch. QUICK CHANGING—MR. MORRIS LOOKS ON.

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way, a characteristic St. Andrews incident occurs. You see a respectably-dressed man waving his arms and addressing the world in general about his wrongs. It appears that his request to carry clubs that day has been refused by the caddie-master.

"If he disna gie me a job," says the orator, "I'll appeal to the Provost." One is doubtful why that municipal dignitary should be appealed to. But on relating the incident to the rest of the party, "Dauvit," the old caddie standing by, says. "Ye see, he's a ratepayer." A ratepayer caddie? Good heavens! No wonder that, what with Haskell balls and "sic-like innovations," the game is becoming dearer.

The ground is hard, with a "bone" in it that rapidly disappears as the sun comes out. The ball lands with a spin, and runs until one feels like emulating the famous drives of Freddie Tait and Blackwell. But the approach and putting are "tricky," and this "brings doon the average." We pass a professor of classics driving a solitary ball athwart the course. "He's aye practeesin'," says Old Tom. The High hole is reached, and then the old professional points out the spot where the great Lord Eglinton took a circle of friends, and asked them if they had ever seen a prettier view in their lives. "And they hadna," says Old Tom. As one looks over the silvery Eden



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game and wildfowl which care only aids Nature in producing. The estate covers 6,500 acres, or just over ten square miles, nearly all of which, whether land or water, carries an exceptional head of game or wildfowl, while the "meres" and lakes, of which there are seven, produce fish in enormous numbers, of very unusual size. Of the 6,500 acres, 1,000 acres are coverts, and at least 500 acres heath, the whole of which is an enormous natural warren, and, at the same time, perfect ground both for pheasants and partridges, which obtain abundant food on the light arable fields around the heath, and in spring and summer on the heaths themselves. Allusion has been made more than once to the extraordinary number of insects, especially of various beetles, found on these heaths. At Wretham there is a particular kind of beetle, about double the size of a ladybird, known locally as "chovies." The chovies come out in myriads early in the summer, and probably form as good food for young partridges as could be found. On Rondham Heath 201 partridges were shot in a single drive, *i.e.*, at one stand, in the year 1896, the total bag for the day being 535. In three days 1,210 partridges were shot. The figures of what the heath yielded are most suggestive.

Wretham Hall, a fine, solidly-built house of about a century old, is much of the same type as Lord Middleton's home at Peper Harow; but what a curious contrast in the surroundings! Instead of standing in the rich pastures of a green hillside, looking down on the fat and smiling meadows by the Wey, Wretham stands alone in a vast landscape of flat wild park, surrounded by line after line of tall upspringing woods and belts rising from the park itself, often with no intervening fence. The park itself covers a square mile, outside of which, on one side, the coverts gradually merge into miles and miles of magnificent open heaths, set with more coverts and lines and belts of wood. From the hall windows no less than three natural meres are seen; two of these, Ringmere and Rushmere, lie close to the house, the former surrounding a wooded island. Further off, but still in sight, lies Micklemere, of some thirty acres, surrounded on three sides by woods. This mere has been kept quiet for more than sixty years as a duck decoy. There are eight pipes, so that it can be worked in all winds and weathers, and the average yearly catch is about 1,000 fowl. At the New Year there were at least 3,000 fowl upon this mere, nearly all of them "whole duck," *i.e.*, mallards. Though the ducks are not shot on this decoy lake, they are killed on the other meres, and the decoy wood is regularly shot through when the home beat is taken. Nearly all the morning shooting, on the day here illustrated, took place near and round this lake. The herbage on much of this

park presents a curious appearance, for while the whole area is peculiarly suited to the game which abounds there, it has in most parts none of that tame appearance common to fat park pastures, though it is studded with wild-looking, and in parts with very ancient, oaks and thorns, breaking the spaces which the distant coverts encircle. The cause of this wild surface herbage may possibly be that during the Crimean War a great part of the park was ploughed up and sown with corn, since when it has gradually relapsed into rough pasture. Parts of the better heathlands are also treated in this summary fashion from time to time, and even at present the park near the coverts is regularly broken up in places, and sown yearly with strips of buckwheat and mixed corn.

The coverts are so placed that four days' shooting may be had within easy reach of the house. The home beat proper, some scenes of which are here illustrated, lies entirely in and round the park and Micklemere in the morning, while the afternoon shooting carries the sport incessantly out on to the wild country adjoining. In 1891, His Majesty, then the Prince of Wales, honoured the late Baron Hirsch, who then rented the Wretham shooting, with his presence at a series of days' sport, of which the first was on this home beat. The bag was 1,614 pheasants, 10 partridges, 32 hares, 60 rabbits, and 5 various, and the total of five days' shooting reached 6,970 head.

For the first stand one-half of the decoy wood is brought round by the beaters, the guns going round on the other side of the lake, and taking their posts on the wide flat in the angle formed by the wood on the lower side of the lake and that which joins it and ultimately fringes the park on the upper side. The pheasants come across this wide angle as shown in the illustration, the guns standing well back and the birds coming high and in great numbers. The second line of woods is then brought round, and the birds, after being pushed along a considerable distance of rather open covert, under high trees, are all sent, either running or flying, across a field into a small covert named "The Pits," from a chalk-pit which lies outside it. Here is the second principal stand of the morning. The pheasants are sent back, being gradually flushed, as at Holkham, over the field, and back, either to the last driven belt, or, in the majority of cases, right back over this, and over the park to the decoy woods again. As many as 500 pheasants have been

shot at this stand. The flush lasts for about twenty minutes. The decoy woods are then again shot over, with two more stands, when the adjournment for luncheon takes place.

The sport after luncheon takes place on natural heathland, on the sides of a long and gentle slope, along the crest of which



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"A PURE WHITE ONE, SIR ANDREW."

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there runs a covert nearly two miles long, called Totterham Belt. This is partly driven lengthways and partly forced downwards, along projecting juts of wood towards the heaths and the plantation below it. Here all the land tends to rise, until the open and rolling heaths of the wildest character culminate in an eminence called Frog's Hill, whence all the wild and wooded country towards Lynford, Thetford, and northwards in the direction of Swaffham is seen. Here are miles of road without a house, and again, mile after mile of heath and sheepwalk, where the only obvious signs of habitation are the cottage of a warrener or mole-catcher and scattered fields of rye. In the valleys and cosy corners there are farms and homesteads. But these are unseen from the wild and open heath.

So far we have dealt mainly with the pheasant-shooting at Wretham. But it is the natural home of partridges. No birds are reared there artificially.

Yet in 1887, 3,465 partridges were shot on the property, and 2,247 hares. In the spring the hen pheasants are so plentiful and so inquisitive as to make it difficult to keep them out of the garden and other places where their presence is not required. If a frame or a greenhouse is left open a hen pheasant will very probably take it into her head that she will make a nest there, and do considerable mischief in making what she deems to be the necessary arrangements for her eggs. A new rock garden in course of construction has had to be protected by a wire fence 12ft. high to keep them out. The owner of Wretham, who for many years shot the estate and personally managed both the shooting and took equal interest in its preservation, is now less seen in the sport, of which he confesses that he has had enough, though he is none the less interested in the maintenance of the game and wildfowl. He has let the shooting to Sir Andrew Noble, the chairman of the Elswick Works, whose portrait in the centre of the group of guns will be recognised by many of the readers of COUNTRY LIFE.

W. A. Rouch.

LAYING OUT THE GAME.

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to be learnt from a book lately given to as much of the English-speaking world as the subject may interest, by Messrs. D. M. M. Crichton Somerville, W. R. Rickmers, and E. C. Richardson. And it appears that the subject will interest a larger number than might have been expected, seeing that the book is dedicated to the "Ski Club of Great Britain." It is only comparatively lately that the ski-running has become in any sense popular as a pastime even in its Scandinavian home. For many years the Telemarkens have been in the habit of using the ski, even as some of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of great mud flats in England have been in the habit of using broad wooden pattens, the purpose of both kinds of foot-gear being the same, namely, to keep the wearer from sinking into a yielding surface. The leaping, which is so great an attraction (in fact, perhaps the attraction which has made the popularity of ski-running) only bears the same relation to the sober and practical use of the ski that a display of fireworks bears to the practical service of fire. It was only in 1879 that the Telemarken peasants, coming to Christiania, electrified the townsfolk by their surprising leaping. It was then only that the people learned what could be done on ski. From that time onward the people of Christiania began to practise the art seriously, even to train for it, and the result of this assiduous attention that then began to be given it is seen at once by a comparison between the length of the leap that so astonished the Christiania folk in 1879 and the record leap of 1902. In the former year the Telemarken peasant won with 76ft., the latest record is just over 134ft. No doubt all due credit for this wonderful advance must be given to the great improvement in the ski and in the method of fastening them to the boot. The original ones were of country make (barrel staves are recommended as a rough-and-ready kind of ski for children to commence with, and the age to commence ski-running is as early as the right age to commence golf), and were fastened to the feet by withy bands.

Now, in place of the primitive simplicity of the withy bands, there are various very elaborate methods, and the ski themselves are of a certain scientifically-determined length and curve, waxed to a fine polish on the sole, and further sometimes furnished with a strip of sealskin or a strip of metal. The authors of the book dedicated to the British Ski Club, a very elaborate, though short, treatise, giving numerous illustrations from photographs of the actual running, and drawings of the implements and of the mode of progression, state the proper length of ski for different persons as follows: "By measuring the arm from the shoulder to the top of the middle finger, and adding the length of the foot, one obtains half the length of the ski, the centre of which is not under the middle of the foot, but exactly at the tip of the toe. A shorter ski tends to sink too much in soft snow, and a longer one is inconvenient on steep slopes. Width and thickness of the ski depend upon the weight of the runner, the usual sizes, width measured at the centre, being 2½in. for weights up to 10st., 2¾in. from 10st. to 13st., and 3in. for weights above 13st."

SKI-RUNNING.

WHEN one happens to hear (and one does not hear it often) an ordinary Briton speak to another on the subject of "ski-running," the second is apt to answer the first in a way that shows him to suppose "ski-running" to be a Yankee mode of expressing aerial navigation. If, however, the first Briton should happen to be so much out of the ordinary as to know what he is talking about, he will not convey this impression to the other, for he will speak of the pastime not phonetically, as it is spelt, but as "she-running," for this, as it happens, is the correct way of pronouncing "ski." All this, and a good deal more, is



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WRETHAM: FLYING THICK IN THE MIST.

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The leaping is not exactly the kind of movement indicated by the name. The distance traversed through the air is accomplished by dint of the great pace acquired in coming down a steep incline to a horizontal taking-off place, the landing being, of course, on a further prolongation of the same incline. It is considered best, indeed, for the incline below the taking-off place to be somewhat steeper than the upper slope, so that the effect is that as the runner comes down to his taking-off place he sees nothing before him; and this sense of running down at a tremendous pace towards the edge of the world must add not a little to the terror of the beginner at this sport, which is so fascinating for those who practise it. The leap is aided by some slight foot action, as carefully explained in the book we have noticed; but the chief agent is the pace acquired in the run down. No leap counts as a record unless the leaper keeps his feet on landing. A fall seldom seems to be attended with any injury, the runner rolling over and over in the soft snow. The art of falling is said to consist in allowing the muscles to go loose without effort at resistance until the pace of the descent has spent itself. For the whole performance the chief requisites are fearless courage and confidence, a prescription perhaps more easy to write than to assimilate.

So much for this amazing leaping, which really does seem to have something in common with the aerial navigation which the uninitiated are apt to suppose that the name of the pastime suggests. It is, at least, as near an approach to flight as man has achieved yet, rather in the sense of the flight of the flying squirrel than of a creature that gets actual impetus from wings. What is to be called the more serious and practical art of ski-running is something entirely different. In this the runner is aided by a long stick, which he uses both as rudder and as brake—both in stopping and in turning. It sometimes is used to sit on, as a witch sits astride a broomstick. It is best held, when the runner is descending a slope in a crouching attitude, with one hand before and the other behind the runner. As the writers of this book say, "Wherever there is snow, there one *can* ski; whether one safely *may* is another question whereof more anon. Absence of snow, or snow transformed into blue ice, are, therefore, the well-defined limits to the possibilities of the sport."

Already, one may be surprised to hear, although ski-running as a popular thing is so very modern, there are two schools, the

"Norwegian" and the "Lilienfeldian," the latter having its origin in Austria, with points at issue fully as important and as hotly argued as any of those that have vexed the souls of Big and Little Endians in philosophy, politics, theology, or any other of the human interests. A deal in the dispute is a matter of the fastenings. A deal again depends on the general point of view, the Lilienfeldian deeming the leaping and fast running, which are so great a feature of the Norwegian ski-running, merely as a kind of meretricious playing to the gallery, while the Norwegian school looks on the steady going of the Lilienfeldian, whose disposition is to practise graceful modes of easy progression and fine steering, as a crawling and unathletic business. Our authors seem to point out the mean between the extremes of either school as being the virtuous path, not wholly despising the violent delights of the flying through the air *à la* Norwegian, yet realising that the purest, safest, and most continual delight is to be found in the mountain climbing and exploration on ski after the manner of the Lilienfeldian. It will be a further surprise, and perhaps rather in the nature of a disillusionment to people who are used to motors, to learn that the ordinary rate of progression on ski does not average as much as eight miles an hour.

The methods of going up-hill, down-hill, tracing curves, quick turning, and sudden stopping, all are indicated quite clearly in the book we have been considering. There are recognised ways in which all these should be done that conform to rule almost as nicely as the figures of the scientific skater. Obviously the Herr Zdarsky, who is the father of the Lilienfeld School, was a man of originality, for, starting with no tradition, no knowledge at all, he, far from other ski-runners, in a quiet Austrian valley, developed a style that, whatever its merits or demerits, has at least founded a tradition.

So far as British ski-running goes, it is quite in its infancy. It is satisfactory to learn that even here it is not dependent on very cold weather or exceptional conditions of the snow. Any tract that is tolerably free from heather may do, and Mr. Eckenstein is specially mentioned as having enjoyed a particularly pleasant ski-trip in the country south of Loch Ness, from January to the end of April, in the year 1900—not a particularly cold spring—ending with the best day of all on April 28th. It is a pastime that has evidently to be pursued with great prudence in mountainous districts.

NEW ZEALAND KIWIS.

NEW ZEALAND has long been known as a land where many natural history curiosities could be found, and though it contains no marsupials nor monotremes, yet in its bird life it presents many peculiarities, especially as regards the order of flightless birds. We find there the kakapo or owl ground parrot, which burrows and climbs, and though it has fairly well-developed wings, is, however, totally unable to fly; also the subject of our illustrations, the kiwi or apteryx. This bird is the modern survivor of those ancient forms of bird life represented by the moas, which were flightless ostrich-like birds of huge size, and were living within historic times, though extinct before the white man arrived in the country.

The struthious or ratite birds, as they are called, include all our flightless birds, such as the rheas, ostriches, emus, cassowaries, and kiwis; and their distinguishing feature is the raft-like breast bone, on which there is no keel to which the muscles that affect flight could be attached, nor have they any mechanism by which they could take to flight like ordinary birds.

Again, the ostriches now living have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes; so also have the existing emus, cassowaries, and rheas or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes; in fact, they are rather aberrant members of this order. Further, the kiwi, in a sense, cannot be said to be quite ostrich-like, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barn-door fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck, and a long slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed very close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed, and



W. Reid.

SEARCHING FOR FOOD.

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the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. It is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow, hair-like feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hair-like feelers. The nearest allies of the kiwi—though still remote—are the emus and cassowaries. There are in all five species of these curious birds to be met with in New Zealand—and it should be borne in mind that they are found in New Zealand only—but only two species are at all common, and the curious fact about them is that they are each restricted to separate islands. The North Island kiwi (*Apteryx mantelli* or *bulleri*) is in colour fulvous brown streaked with black, and its feathers are harsh to the touch. The South Island

kiwi (*Apteryx australis*) is greyish brown streaked with black in colour, while its feathers are soft to the touch.

These birds, especially the two species named, at one time were abundant in the mountainous parts of New Zealand, but they are now dying out before the dogs and cats, which came into the country with the white man; and it is to be feared that in time they will disappear altogether from the face of the globe. Like all wingless birds, the kiwis depend for safety on their swiftness of foot, peculiar habits, and methods of concealment. They are chiefly nocturnal in their habits, feeding generally on earthworms, which they discover by their extremely sensitive bills. As their nostrils are at the tips of their bills, and these tips are sensitive, perhaps by the use of their bills they combine the senses of feeling and smelling. They are also excellent runners, and in the twilight it is hard to believe that it is not a mammal that is running along. Usually they go in companies, and their popular name reproduces their shrill cries at night.

The male and female birds are about the same size, and during the breeding season some curious things can be noted. The female forms a nest in a burrow, which she makes by herself, for while during this period the claws of the female birds are blunt, those of the male bird are sharp. In the nest so made two white eggs are laid, and then the female walks off, right away, and mates, it is said, with some other bird; while to her last mate is left the duties of incubating the eggs she has laid and looking after the young ones when they are hatched. The incubation of eggs seems, however, to be a common habit among male struthious birds. What is specially remarkable among the kiwis is the very large eggs that they lay—so disproportionately large to the size of the body of the bird. When we find a bird of the size of a barn-door fowl which lays an egg 5.30 in. by 3.30 in., and weighing about 15½ oz., it must, we think it will be admitted, be regarded as an uncommon one.

Many kiwis are kept in European zoological gardens, but are seldom seen by visitors, as they are asleep all day. If, however, they are taken out they seem to be dazed in the daylight, and quickly make for their hiding-place; but if thoroughly woke up, after a good yawn, they show their resentment by vigorous and lightning-like kicks frontwards and backwards. The ways of the kiwi, it should be noted, have been studied generally in captivity both in New Zealand and in England, and not in a state of Nature, under natural conditions and surroundings; while, perhaps, the best-known collection of these birds in existence is that of the Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., embracing, as it does, living specimens of every known species of kiwi.

R. HEDGER WALLACE.

ISHTA'S JUSTICE.

KUDDA was ruminating. His was the fifth hut in the row belonging to the local Commissariat Elephants Department, and he was the fifth mahout, in succession from father to son, to Ishta, the *doyenne* of the elephants at Maghur. Wherefore Ishta was much to him; for had she not tended him when he rolled, a helpless babe, between her fore feet, and had she not watched both him and his wife Remmi grow to marriage estate, setting the seal of her approval on his choice? Besides, she knew all his family history, and would know it for some generations to come if she lived the allotted term of an elephant's life. Also, she represented to Kudda the dignity of long descent, of Government employ, and income, and the grace of familiar friendship and companionship.

The row of trees in front of the thatched huts to which their open side turned cast a grateful shade, and beyond the trees, chained to them by the fore leg, stood the "bulevants" (as the natives call them), each opposite to the dwelling of her own mahout. But Ishta's chain had long since given place to a rope, and thereafter to a length of string, too slight to restrain the liberty of a dog, yet a sufficient shadow of the substance of old days to her. For Ishta was as much bound by the red-tape of time-honoured custom as the Government officials themselves, and kept within the circle measured by the string.

And it was of Ishta that Kudda mused, trying to reconcile



W. Reid.

AN APTERYX.

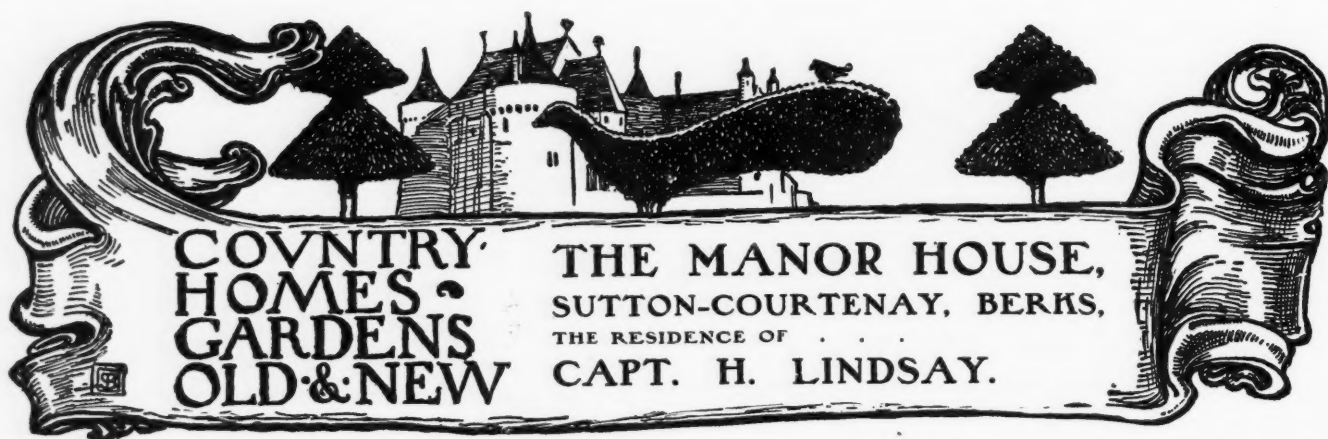
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these claims of hers, stronger than those of ordinary friendship, stronger even than some blood-ties, with the simple facts that he wanted opium and had no money left wherewith to buy it. Opium is not cheap, if one counts by rupees, and trades in it as merchandise, but it is one of the cheapest, shortest roads to Paradise open on earth to those not ready for translation. And Kudda, until he could afford the necessary gate-money, was in the nethermost hell. Yet within a few yards of him, in a corner of the hut, lay salvation, and as he leant against a post, staring moodily at the ground, the ebb and flow of thought in his mind merged at last into a tide of resistless demand and determination. The pint of mustard-oil, daily Government allowance for anointing Ishta's sides and ears and back to keep her from the torment of the flies, was still unused; something had stayed Kudda's hand when he looked at it that morning, remembering it was a marketable commodity, and he had put it aside.

Now the heat and burden of the day were half spent; noon was long past; Ishta would be having her meal in another hour, and by that time, with the proceeds of the oil, he would be in the first heaven! So Kudda yielded to the strongest temptation he had known, and Ishta, moving still farther into the patch of shade on the sandy dust, pondered over many things, but chiefly on the laws of compensation and adjustment. "Thou art hungry, doubtless, big mother," said Remmi, emerging presently from the hut with the baby in her arms, "Ishta krooptsoorat bulevant baba ke cuppadar hum tumara khana kewasti" ("Ishta, beautiful elephant, take care of baby; I am going to see to your dinner"), and she put the little restless brown bundle down on the ground between Ishta's two feet. Then she fetched the earthenware jar of unglazed red clay, and filled it with live charcoal, setting it down to get heated through while she mixed flour and water into dough. With the skill of frequent practice she spread the rough mixture three or four inches thick all over the outside of the jar. And while the dough was slowly being baked by the heat from the embers inside, Ishta, patient and docile as was her wont, cared for the baby, gently restraining the little truant who would have crawled away. Now and again when the baby limbs moved quicker and achieved a few paces of freedom, Ishta's trunk would carefully wind round the little body and lift it back to safety between the huge barriers of her feet, and the tip would gently pet and fondle away Baba's fretfulness and impatience at control. When at last the dough was cooked and broken into many pieces, Remmi, with playful words, brought it to the tree and relieved Ishta of her nursling. Later, too, Remmi brought a sheaf of sugar-cane, which was received with caressing gratitude both to Remmi and Baba from the elephant, for the green, sweet food was pleasant after the flies had worked their will on Ishta in the noonday sun; and she was sore in body and in mind.

It was late when Kudda, with the slow unwilling steps of one who leaves dreamland for a dull and work-a-day world, came past the tree and stopped to speak to Ishta. And in a moment, like a bolt from the blue, her vengeance was accomplished and justice appeased. For, seizing him in her trunk, she flung him down beneath her feet and trampled the very semblance of life and manhood out of him. So Kudda paid the penalty of a traitor's act, and Ishta, docile and tractable as before, passed into the care of a new mahout. While Remmi, understanding sorrowfully, clasped Baba to her heart, and found consolation.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.



LYSONS, in his "Magna Britannia," thus describes the Manor, Sutton-Courtenay: "Sutton-Courtney, or Courtenay, in the hundred of Ock, lies about three miles nearly south of Abingdon. The manor belonged, at a very early period, to the abbot and convent of Abingdon. Rethunus, the abbot, gave it to Kenulf, King of the Mercians and West Saxons, in exchange for the site of an ancient Royal palace, where the King's hounds and hawks were kept, to the great annoyance of the convent. King Henry II. gave it to Reginald Courtenay, ancestor of the Earls of Devonshire and of the present Viscount Courtenay. On the attainder of Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, for being in arms against King Edward IV. at Towton Field, this manor was granted in 1462 to Sir Walter Devereux. After this it was restored to the Courtenays, and having been again forfeited to the Crown by the attainder of Henry Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, was leased by Philip and Mary to Elizabeth, Lady Mason, and by Queen Elizabeth, in 1591, to Sir Richard Hyde for 60 years. The fee was granted by King Charles I. to certain citizens of London." Since that date the manor has passed through many hands, eventually becoming the property of the late Lord Wantage, from whom it passed to its present owner. The village of Sutton-Courtenay still retains its old-world picturesqueness, with its quaint old cottages, open village green, and the broad stretches of the Thames, its pools and islands.

A fine Norman church stands near the village green, and shortly after passing it one enters the manor grounds. Passing

up a drive, bordered by formal Irish yews and herbaceous borders, and continuing through a pair of massive stone gate pillars, one sees the house, with its fine, sharp-pointed gables and lattice windows. An oval green lawn spreads out, in the centre of which stands a tall stone sundial. The house consists of three wings, enclosing a stone-flagged courtyard, bounded on the fourth side by a high stone wall. On entering the front door one finds one's self in a low, oak-raftered hall. A good example of a sixteenth century stone fireplace was here discovered and exposed when the modern iron grate was removed. The walls are covered with oak panelling and tapestry. Leading from the hall is a very finely-carved oak staircase. Immediately on the left a door opens into the dining-room. This is an oak-panelled room, with an interesting wooden fireplace, over which is let in a curious Dutch landscape. There are many other similar paintings in the house, all evidently painted by the same artist, which must have been painted on the panelling after it was put up, as the paint overlaps the framing in some places. In this room the owner's fondness for pewter is seen, a fine array of various pewter objects being arranged on the oak dresser. On leaving the dining-room one passes up a long, oak-panelled passage, which leads to another staircase, halfway up which is the drawing-room. It was under these stairs that a fine William and Mary silver tankard, with various inscriptions on it, was found. A will, dated 1652, leaves a sum of money to buy this piece of plate: "A piece of plate of three pounds price with this engraved on it, 'Memento mori.'" Would that one could buy tankards of this size and date for thirty times its initial cost.



THE MANOR HOUSE, SUTTON-COURTENAY.



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THE BANQUETING-HALL WITH MINSTRELS' GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The drawing-room is oak-panelled, surmounted with old Italian green brocatello. There is a fine example of Jacobean mantel-piece, of oak inlaid with pear wood, bearing the carved inscription, "Judica domine noscentesime, expugna in pugnantesme." This room, originally the solar chamber, stands over the solid waggon-roofed cellar. Passing through a hidden door in the panelling one finds one's self in the minstrels' gallery, which overhangs the banqueting-hall; the screen of the gallery is of solid open Gothic work.

Descending a very steep oak stairway the banqueting-hall is reached; it is a very lofty, raftered room, panelled high, to within a few feet of the roof. Trophies of the chase surround the walls, a fine show of heads—the killing of the present owner: Markhor, ibex, shapoo, oorial, bear, etc., from the Himalayas; buffalo and various deer from Ceylon, to say nothing of elephants' tails; red deer heads

from Scotland; and various curious little heads and skins from the East. On the mantel-piece will be noticed two helmets; the one on the right is a helmet for an ordinary-sized man, while the one on the left appears to have been made for a giant. According to the report by the Society of Antiquaries, it is a tilting helm of 1450, and weighs 26lb. There are only four other examples known, none of whose weight is equal to this, the Westminster Abbey example weighing only 17lb. The pewter candlesticks on either side are 3ft. in height, which rather tends to dwarf the helmet. Some stone steps lead down to the waggon-roofed cellar, which is semi-underground, being lit by three small, deep-recessed windows, in which the old stone tracery is still to be seen. In former days it was through this cellar that the underground passage was reached; where this passage led to is not certain, but it was reputed to lead to the abbey



THE LONG GARDEN.



THE INNER COURTYARD.

and to the church. It has, however, been closed for many years. The portion of the house which includes the banqueting-hall, cellar, and solar chamber comprises the oldest part of the building, and was probably built in the early part of the fifteenth century. A door out of the banqueting-hall leads into the inner courtyard, which is flagged. Along the opposite side there is a long, overhanging gallery of Jacobean work and carving.

Before going to the garden a word is necessary about the old Norman hall, which stands within a few hundred yards of the house. Hudson-Turner, in his book on "Domestic Architecture," remarks on this building as follows: "At Sutton Courtney, Berkshire, is a small house of the latter part of this century (twelfth); the walls are very substantial; in plan it is a simple oblong, with a doorway in the centre of the principal front; the doorway is round-headed, with good mouldings of transition Norman character and tooth ornament; there is a small lancet window; it appears to have had a moat round it, which is now filled up." Later on he suggests that this building was the original Manor House, and most probably it was.

That was all that was known or seen of it until last year, when the work of clearing out the modern interior was commenced. It seems curious to call it a modern building when its date was 1620, but it was too modern for its walls of 1150. The interior, which was rotten and of no artistic value, was taken clean out, thereby exposing to view the fine old lofty hall, solid, but much damaged. Hudson-Turner, no doubt, explored the house, and found one Norman door and one lancet window. Now can be seen eight windows and two doors. The principal door has already been described. The other door is smaller and not so highly decorated. Seven lancet windows are visible, though only three are perfect, the others being damaged by the insertion of modern windows. The east window is large and square, with some tracery remaining, probably of the year 1620, when the inside of the house was built. The roof is of fine bold oak work. During the work of clearing out the house nothing of interest was found except a "vizard," dating probably to the early part of the eighteenth century. It is a black velvet mask, lined with silk, having slits for eyes and mouth. Ladies of position were wont to carry these vizards, suspended by a string and attached to their waist.

The garden is divided up into three parts—the Long Garden, the Pleasaunce and Wilderness, and the River Garden. The Long Garden, with its high clipped box hedges and enclosing stone walls, is devoted entirely to masses of roses, herbaceous borders, lavender and rosemary hedges, pergolas of creepers, and carefully kept grass lawns. By proper and careful planting a blaze of colour is assured throughout the summer.

Walking under an avenue of immense dark yews, one emerges into the rosery. A yew hedge surrounds the carefully mown grass, in which are formally planted standard rose trees of various kinds. In the centre stands a fine white

marble Venetian well-head and iron top. Walking through the rosery one turns into the Pleasaunce, a delightful place in spring as well as in summer. In spring the carpets of daffodils, jonquils, narcissi, and crocuses are very lovely, as they grow out of the grass and are overhung by the old gnarled apple trees. In summer, when the spring flowers are over, the flowering shrubs, roses, brooms, and gorse, with the shady trees, make the Pleasaunce a pleasing place indeed. Leaving the Pleasaunce, one crosses the drive to reach the Wilderness, a more open spot, but surrounded by many fine timber trees. Returning through the house, one wends one's way down towards the river Thames, which is less than 200 yds. distant. Before the river is reached a word must be said for the River Garden; here no garden beds exist, but everything is a profusion of green grass, damp-loving shrubs, and roses, which surround an expansive lawn. Here you look down an alley of climbing roses, which overhang the water-lily walk; there, down

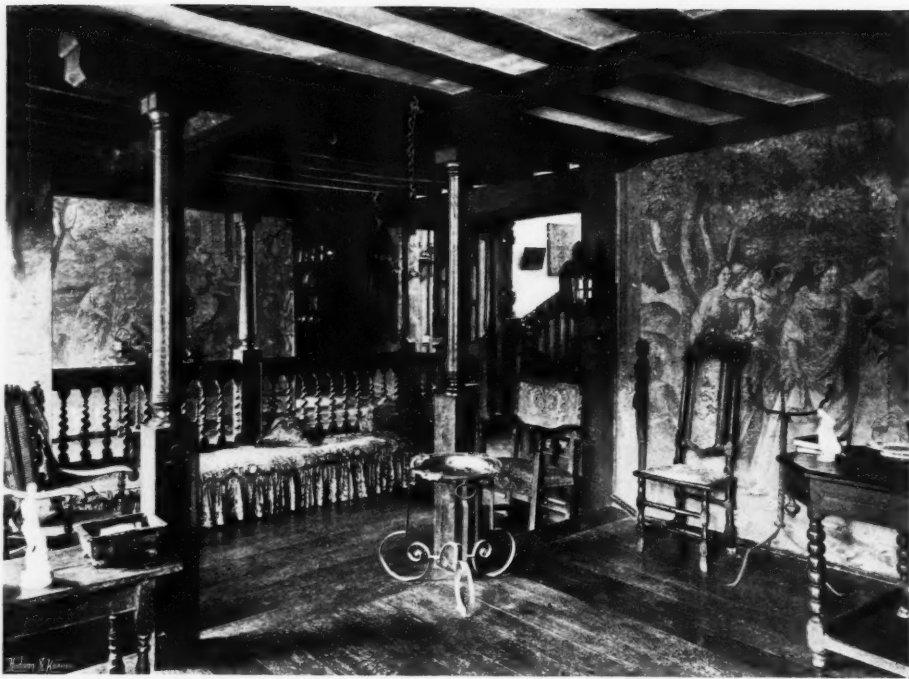


THE ROSE GARDEN.

a pleached lime avenue; and, further on, you look out into the old lush meadows, with the river gleaming beyond. A winding path leads down to the boathouse and river. The water-lily path, made a few years ago, turned out to be a complete success. A long red-brick path, bordered by grass, extends for 100 yds. or so; in the brick path are sunk tanks of water, in which various-coloured miniature water-lilies live, while overhead is a wooden pergola of climbing roses, the effect being very pretty. In hot summer weather the effect of the River Garden is a cooling one, with its rank-growing shrubs and grass. At Sutton-Courtenay, the river Thames is seen at its best and quietest—broad winding reaches,

bordered by lush meadows and fringed with trees, willows, osiers, and rushes. It is indeed lucky for the inhabitants of this out-of-the-world village that an old mill, also part of the manor, stands across the river, forming a *cul-de-sac* through which no impatient tripper or whistling steamer can pass. The mill waters have a fall of 7ft. into the river below, which saves the village from being inundated even in the highest floods. The islands and pools below are wonderfully picturesque and quiet, and a haunt of innumerable wild birds. The

lord of the manor is an enthusiastic ornithologist, and has made a bird sanctuary of some of this ground—not, however, for the purpose of collecting, but of preserving and increasing bird life. The idea is a very beautiful one, and we trust so admirable an example will be followed by an increasing number of people in various parts of England.



THE HALL.

ENGLISH SPORT.

IN "English Sport," by various writers, the most recent book on sports and games, the editor, Mr. E. T. Watson, writes in his preface: "With a view to subsequent appearance in book form, I lately published in the *Badminton Magazine* under the general title of 'Masters of their Arts,' a series of papers intended to place on record the manner in which the chief English sports and pastimes were conducted and practised at the beginning of the twentieth century." "In the *Badminton Magazine* the title selected appeared to serve, for it was naturally understood what 'arts' were indicated. A book which stands by itself is, however, a different affair, and this volume is therefore called 'English Sport' as a name suggestive of its contents."



THE OLD BARN.

We have been obliged to quote a part of Mr. Watson's preface to show our readers something of the reason why this book was produced. Mr. Watson is indefatigable in writing prefaces to sporting books, as well as in acting the part of an editor to them, and, as on many previous occasions, he has again done his best, such as it is, to place his collection of authors and their articles favourably before the public. We fear, however, that sporting works which emanate from the pens of a syndicate of writers find but little favour at the present day, though it is true that a good many years ago the Badminton Library met with considerable success in this style of publishing. In the latter case, however, the articles were placed fresh and unread before



THE SUNDIAL.

the sporting public. In the case of the work before us, entitled "English Sport," the various articles have appeared previously in a magazine.

A number of the articles in "English Sport" are contributed by gentlemen who have often before, occasionally even in the form of a book, described their favourite sports, and who, though they make a brave struggle to do so, evidently find it impossible to give us any new facts or comments. How could they indeed expect to? For instance, it may be taken for granted that Mr. Horace Hutchinson has by this time told us all he knows about golf; and that the Hon. Gerald Lascelles has pretty well exhausted the subject of falconry. The same deductions certainly apply to the paper



THE ENTRANCE GATES.

on fishing and the one on shooting, both by the Marquess of Granby, especially in regard to the shooting one, as in the latter the noble Marquess merely deals with extracts from his family game books.

In the preface to "English Sport" the editor writes: "A very captious critic might, indeed, take exception to the title 'English Sport' as not entirely accurate, on the ground that Lord Delamere deals with African sport and Lord Walsingham with an expedition to Spain; but," he adds, "English sport may well be held to include the sports of Englishmen." It is amusing to read that a very captious critic, not merely a captious one, might take exception in a book on English sport to a long discourse on lion-shooting, and to another on the chase of Spanish ibex. We are very glad, though, that these two subjects were included in the book, however ridiculous their insertion may appear to its readers, for they are both delightfully treated, and, in our opinion, are worth nearly all the other articles put

together. They are fresh, original, and graphic, which cannot be said of the majority of the chapters in "English Sport." The paltry argument of the editor that because lion-shooting and ibex-shooting are sports of Englishmen, they should properly be included in a work on "English Sport," is, therefore, quite unnecessary, simply because we are so pleased to read Lord Delamere's and Lord Walsingham's well-written and novel experiences, which are assuredly a relief after perusing the bulk of the remainder of the book.



THE NORMAN HALL.

We trust the editor will never edit a book which includes all the sports of Englishmen at home and abroad; it would, indeed, be a library in itself, one to which that known to our fathers as the "Badminton" would be as nothing in size. Even in the book under notice many popular English sports, as conducted and practised in England, to use the editor's duplicate wording, are omitted. We find "Billiards," by that capable writer and exponent of the game Major W. Broadfoot, but tennis, racquets, bowls, and other well-known sports and pastimes are omitted; even salmon-fishing is not touched upon. Surely, too, in "English Sport" we ought to find something about shooting other than quotations from the pages of the Duke of Rutland's game-books.

In England shooting takes a very important position, far more so than does even hunting or fishing. If a future generation had but this book to refer to as its authority on English sport as known at the beginning of the twentieth century, it would learn nothing of the immense game preserves that now cover nearly every part of our islands, and the sport they afford,

In "A Woman's View of Hunting," by Lady Augusta Fane, which follows the chapters by Lord Willoughby de Broke, the editor has not quite exercised his scissors as he should have done, for therein we find such wretched clap-trap as we here quote. "Yes, but what is the hunting-field but a small world in itself! In this world, moreover, it does not pay to be selfish or ill-tempered, and no true sportsman ever is. What can be the use, for instance, of flying into a dreadful rage when you get a bad start in a hunt? It is annoying, certainly, to be left behind because you have funk'd the first fence, or been chattering and not attending to business." That such useless diatribes as these, such uncontroverted maxims, should be forced down the throats of the readers of a book on sport, is truly a reflection on the person who has professed to edit it for public criticism. From such hysterical nonsense as we have quoted it is a real pleasure to turn to Lord Hawke's lessons in cricket, for they are manly, practical, and thorough in every line. They should be printed separately from the rest of the book on "English Sport," and kept in the pocket of the flannel jacket of every young cricketer who aspires to fame.

The illustrations to "English Sport" show little merit, and are very conventional. We have, as may be expected in a book of the kind the contents of which are reproduced from a magazine, the usual pictures of huntsmen on brilliantly-coloured horses, flying gigantic posts and rails. In one case, entitled "Well with Them," the lady clearing the fence is in so great haste to catch the fox herself that some of the hounds have to wait behind for her to go forward. Of horses racing neck and neck, with booths, tents, and cheering crowd all complete, and of horses at the starting and winning posts, we have plenty of views. There is one extraordinarily grotesque plate called "The Water Jump." Never since the world began did any horse take such a flying leap, high up in mid-air, as is here shown, one that would have cleared the small house, chimneys and all, that is to be seen in the background of the picture.

The best articles in the book—such as Lord Delamere's, Lord Walsingham's, and Lord Hawke's—are, unfortunately, without illustrations of any kind, which is a matter for regret. It is unfortunate, too, that the chapters of the book are not individually numbered, and that there is no index to it.

BEACH-FISHING

THERE are many who appreciate what the wild waves are saying the better for not being subjected to their rough-and-tumble caresses, and even the best of sportsmen are found to have their weak points if over-exposed in an open boat in any but the finest weather. Moreover, as we learn more of the habits of our sea-fish, we find that many of these are in the habit of feeding, particularly under

certain conditions of weather (among these the calm which succeeds the storm), close behind the waves, or even in the surf. It would be easy, though the subject is wide of the illustrations that accompany these remarks, to indicate more than one pier on which better sport is to be had within 12yds. of the turnstiles than at the extreme end of the landing-stage. As a matter of detail, the authorities, having a not wholly unreasonable regard for the non-piscatory element of their patrons, usually prohibit fishing on the upper deck, so that the comparison is not often given a practical trial, but often enough large bass may be seen browsing along the shore in the broken water, while all manner of tempting baits dangle in vain 100yds. further from the beach. These two considerations alone, the greater comfort of the fisherman and the greater abundance of the fish, would, even apart from the absence of any gate-money, suffice to recommend beach-fishing. There is yet another argument in its favour, for its greatest vogue is at the cold season of the year, when cod and whiting assemble in the inshore waters in pursuit of sprats, and at such times the



SUTTON-COURTENAY: A WELL-HEAD.

whether pheasant, partridge, lion, or ibex shooting. As to wild-fowling, almost as favourite an English sport as any, it is not even alluded to by Mr. Watson's syndicate of experts, who also omit any mention of the pursuit of snipe and woodcock.

As we read through the different chapters that compose "English Sport" we are struck with the very unequal merit shown by their authors. It is true that, though most of the articles are mere compilations, or else *réchauffés* of the same writers' contributions to other books or magazines, there are a few of them that are original and well worthy of perusal. Two of the latter we have alluded to, the one on "Lion-shooting in Africa" and the other on "Stalking Ibex in Spain." To these may be added "Fox-hunting," by the late Lord Willoughby de Broke; "Cricket," by Lord Hawke; and "Steeplechasing," by "A Gentleman Rider." The article on fox-hunting is full of useful hints, evidently noted down just as they occurred to the writer, and then strung together for publication. Though somewhat dogmatic in treatment, these notes by the late well-known M.F.H. are very practical, and also very clearly expressed.



BAITING THE HOOK.

draughty landing-stages of most piers provide anything but agreeable accommodation and next to no protection from the cold. Although, then, the summer bass engage shore-fishermen at a few resorts—Hastings and Sidmouth are among the number, and many more would in all probability be added if the method were given a more extended trial—it is chiefly for winter cod and whiting that the baited hooks are cast out from the sand or shingle beach. Here, too, as in pier and boat fishing, the rod has in great measure superseded the handline, though on the East Coast, in the neighbourhood of Lowestoft and Southwold, the older handline, flung out by means of a button that fits in a cleft pole, is still in use. A stout rod, with just enough pliancy for casting: a free-running reel, large in the barrel, so as to hold plenty of line, and also to wind it in with as little loss of time as possible; a fairly heavy lead, for casting purposes, which may be either pear-shaped or flat, these being respectively preferable according as the bottom is rough or smooth; and a stout gut trace with two or three hooks, strung on paternoster fashion, constitute the not very complicated outfit for this style of fishing. For bait it is necessary, having due regard for attractiveness, to use something that will not be flung off the hook with the cast. Lugworm or pieces of either squid or herring will generally be found the best; softer baits, like mussel or green crab, are apt to be thrown off the hook. Some anglers use more than one rod, but this always seems to me to savour of pot-hunting, not unlike the nasty trick of putting out trimmers for pike and merely punting round to take each up as it holds a fish. Pike-fishing, with or without trimmers, lies outside my present theme; but for shore-fishing one rod, properly worked, should be quite enough, and indeed "one man, one rod" is good enough policy in any sort of fishing, unless, of course, a man is fishing for gain; then by all means let him use as many rods or lines as he can conveniently manipulate.

The hooks being baited, the lead may be thrown out either direct from the Nottingham reel or else by first uncoiling 30yds. or 40yds. of line and letting these lie on the ground. Unless the angler is quite at home with the Nottingham reel, it is far better to adopt the latter plan, since he will otherwise in all probability be employed in unravelling an unholy tangle. When the lead and hooks have been swung well out, the line should be reeled home on the winch until it is fairly stretched between the lead and top ring, and the twitching of the top joint will quickly notify a bite. The exact distance to which the hooks should be thrown can only be ascertained by experiment, for the fish are not always found feeding at the same distance from land. The angler should remember that he is not entered for a casting competition, and he should resist the very natural temptation to get out as long a line as possible. Rather should his model be the fly-fisherman who casts over a particular trout. If the bottom is smooth, he may, by way of trial, cast his furthest to start with, and then, after allowing a reasonable time for a bite, slowly reel in line, so that the lead drags along the sand. He should pause at, say, every dozen yards, and in this way it is possible to search a considerable tract of the sea-bed until the whereabouts of the feeding cod or whiting can be discovered. If, however, the bottom be rocky (as it is, for instance, along most of the Cumberland coast, where I have seen a deal of this beach-fishing practised with much success), other tactics must be adopted by the seeker after truth, else will his lead be left in the grip of the reefs, and his meditations will freeze the blood of any mermaids that may be dallying in the neighbourhood. A fish cast each time it is desired to try new ground is here necessary, and a pear-shaped lead will be found less likely to foul the bottom.

Beach-fishing has another advantage over sport from boat or pier, and that is room. Here is no cramping of legs and no crowding on stages. Everyone may have elbow-room and a little over, and if the fisherman is cold, he has but to lay down his rod and take a brisk walk. If the weather suddenly changes for the worse, he is, as a rule, within easy reach of home, or, at any rate, of shelter. There are no traps for falling knives or coin; there are no consumers of oranges overhead; steamboats do not necessitate a periodical hauling in of lines. In winter the beach-fisher clothes his legs in gaiters and turns up the collar of his coat; in summer he dresses in flannels and sits him down beside his rod, and smokes the weed that brings peace to the appreciative mind. This fishing in the very teeth of the waves, with the defiant surf flung every moment within a yard of his feet, has for him a very special flavour; and there is a particular triumph in wresting from the waves a large cod that would be missed to a great extent if the same fish were gaffed into a boat or hauled up on a pier. It is a reversion to the most primitive practices of the sea-fishers of the Mediterranean, in days when piers were not, and small and crude boats did not tempt the Greeks and Latins to trust themselves to the vagaries of that treacherous and lovely sea.

Even to-day the Mediterranean is perhaps the headquarters of such shore-fishing, though the methods are different. The mullet-fishers of Nice wade into the surf and pluck fat fish from behind the broken water. The sea-anglers of Naples or Leghorn loaf on the parapets and land their booty on bamboos of immense length, fishing tight line and without any of the intricacies of rings or reels. Casting from the reel,



CASTING FROM THE REEL.

such as has been counselled in the foregoing notes, would entail a degree of exertion foreign to their inclinations. If a couple of Tangier Spaniards go out fishing for the day on the rocks beside the pier, they as often as not take one rod only, and a lively argument (generally settled by an appeal to the oracle of the spun coin) then follows as to which of the sporting twain shall hold the rod, and which, on the other hand, shall undertake the lighter duties of "throwing" (I blush to own that this is a euphemism for spitting) the ground-bait round the hook.

F. G. AFLALO.

IN THE . . . GARDEN.

SHRUBS THAT FLOWER EARLY IN THE YEAR.

THE Hamamelis or the Wych Hazels are among the more interesting of shrubs that may be regarded as strictly winter-flowering, but these have been referred to already, especially *H. arborea*, which has flowers like gold wire, and have a quaint effect, seated as it were on the leafless shoots. Another species has been added of late years to this group—namely, *H. mollis*, a Chinese kind, the

young stems, leaves, buds, and sepals of which have a dense, felt-like covering of silky hairs; the flowers are larger than those of the other Wych Hazels, while the sepals have no twist, and are quite fragrant. In warm,

sheltered nooks at this time *Rhododendron dauricum* should be flowering, and we have already received flowers of it from Ireland. It is only in a group that the colour—a warm, rosy purple—has much effect, though there is a certain charm in a single plant. One of the most precious of winter-flowering Heaths is a form of the Mediterranean Heath called *Hybrida*; it is conspicuously cheerful in the winter sunlight. A whiff of fragrance, if the winter has been mild, will come from the bushes of the Mezereon (*Daphne Mezereum*), but frequently March has come before its little purple blooms dare expand. They are filled with a sweet perfume, and the shrub is worth planting for this reason alone, but there is also beauty in the purple colouring. Other fragrant shrubby plants that flower in winter are Standish's Honeysuckle (*Lonicera Standishii*) and the Winter Sweet (*Chimonanthus fragrans grandiflorus*); it is, as the name suggests, a "sweet" flower, pretty in colour, and with a warm, honeyed scent that makes a few twigs in a room as apparent as a bunch of Roman Hyacinths. It is good to have these things about us, and their place is close to the house. If they are climbers on the walls, the perfume can float into the rooms on those warm winter days when the windows are thrown open to welcome the air and sunshine.

THOUGHTS OF SPRING.

Tufted Pansies.—We recently gave a selection of the best tufted Pansies, or *Violas*, as they are also called, for covering the surface of beds filled with other things, or even in beds by themselves. It is not time to plant yet, but the weeks rapidly pass away, and early March arrives before one is aware of it, bringing its flower joys and its preparations for the summer that is to follow. We have an honest liking for the Heart's-ease, the flower that seems to smile, and that may be had in many colours, but the old Pansy of the cottage garden fails to keep up its gaiety, whereas the tufted Pansies continue until the time of frost. Before planting the Pansies prepare the soil well, and remember that a little shade is grateful. Coolness, both in soil and temperature, the Pansy enjoys, and in the case of the pretty fancy varieties demands, and it is for this reason Pansy-growing in Scotland is a greater success than in England, especially in the Southern Counties. The tufted varieties, however, raised of late years seem quite indifferent, and are the gayest of flowers in a London garden. Probably the plants will be purchased from a grower at a distance, and arrive in small packets. Stand them for a time in flower-pots, placed in the shade, and sprinkle with water to assist perfect recovery. Then plant them firmly and take heed of the colours. If the bed has for its chief feature



REELING IN THE SLACK.



A CHANGE OF GROUND.



BEACH-FISHING: IN A GOOD FISH.

such a Rose as Viscountess Folkestone, a Pansy of blue colouring would give the right effect. We planted several beds last year with blue Pansies, and the result was delightful. Rose and Pansy beds were full of colour from April until September, decaying flowers and seed-pods, of course, being wisely picked off.

Hardy Chrysanthemums.—We also lately gave a selection of Chrysanthemums which are for the open garden, as distinct from those that flower under glass. What we are pleased to call the "hardy" Chrysanthemum is an unknown quantity in many gardens, but of late years a series of beautiful varieties have been raised with a remarkable range of colours, and including those shades which seem to be universally appreciated—the rich orange-bronze, old gold, and similar shades, that make fountains of colour quite late in the year. Cuttings may be taken now, dibbled into pots or even shallow boxes, and transferred to a frame with sufficient heat to promote quick rooting. When rooted pot them singly into small pots, give a little warmth, but quite cold frame treatment before they are taken to the open ground. Choose a sheltered position for their temporary resting-place, and the third week in May, when danger from frost is reduced to a minimum, plant them out in the positions they are to occupy. Before planting, dig the places well where they are to go, plant firmly, and if they are placed together, leave a space of 3ft. between each, as this distance is required to allow the shoots to spread out naturally. When September comes the garden wants colour. Michaelmas Daisies give the cloud of blue, and the perennial Sunflowers supply the yellow, but it is the Chrysanthemum that brings the whites and orange and crimson and rose and many shades of these colours. We have seen gardens in which the old Source d'Or and Jardins des Plantes have been planted lavishly, as they are as brilliant to look upon as the summer garden of Geraniums and blue Lobelia.

Rose-planting.—Whenever the weather is suitable it is wise to push on with the planting of Roses and other trees and shrubs. Roses may be planted even in April, but, of course, greater success may be assured when they are put in before the spring. It is to be hoped that the weather that is to come will not be severe, especially if the precautions we have advised about prompt protection to the roots have not been taken. The Roses in the garden of the writer are earthed up quite 6in., and Heather is loosely thrown over the bed. Heather is better than either Bracken or straw; it is springy, and quickly dries.

Tuberous Begonias from Seed.—Seed sown at once of these will result in plants that will flower during the summer, but a little later than those raised in the ordinary way. Obtain seed saved from the finest strains, and it may be obtained in distinct colours, which are reproduced with moderate regularity in

the offspring. The seed is very small and must be carefully handled, and does not germinate all at once. The pans, or shallow boxes, in which it is sown should be very carefully drained, and the larger part of the soil made up of a rough compost, over which put the finer particles for the reception of the seed. Dust some very light soil over the seed, and as each seedling appears pot it off. For the seedlings a temperature of 65°deg. is suitable, but less and less is necessary until, when all danger of frost is over, they are transferred to the places they are to beautify.

Phlox Drummondii.—This free-flowering and pretty Phlox is one of the most cheerful of half-hardy annuals, especially the grandiflora section and the little star-shaped group, to which has been given the apt name of stellata. In many gardens this Phlox is planted in large beds by itself, and also is used in pots for the greenhouse and conservatory. The colours are extremely varied and very beautiful, ranging from white to deepest crimson, and the pink shades are as delicate as those in the old China Rose. The seed is easily raised in gentle warmth. Sow it in well-drained and shallow boxes or in pans, and press it well into the soil. Sow thinly, and when the seed has germinated transfer the seedlings to other receptacles, leaving the remainder in the original boxes at a distance of 1in. apart; there they may remain until it is time to plant them out in the garden.

Verbenas.—February is the best month to sow seed of the Verbena, and it may be interesting to know that seed may be obtained in either mixed or distinct colours. The pure, well-defined shades are the most effective in the garden, such brilliant additions, for example, as Warley and Miss Willmott, the last-mentioned having taken first place amongst the Verbenas both for pots and the open garden. Seedlings make a stronger growth than cuttings. Sow the seed very thinly in shallow pans, much in the same way as recommended for Begonias and Phlox Drummondii. We believe in pressing the seeds in carefully with the finger about 1in. apart, as this saves much labour in re-boxing or potting on. Plant out in May, and the temperature for raising the seed should be not more than 60deg. The raising of seedlings has brought back to the Verbena much of its former glory. The old way was to strike cuttings and force them along in heat, with the result that they fell a prey to mildew during winter.

Too Early Sowing a Mistake.—A mistake that amateurs frequently commit is in sowing seed too early. March and early April for quite the hardy sorts is soon enough, as then the soil is warmer, the days brighter, and gentle rains stimulate growth in the whole garden—at least, these are the conditions we expect at that season. Expectations are not always realised, but whether they are or otherwise, there is no advantage in sowing out of doors now. This is the time for sowing half-hardy annuals under glass.

ON THE CHOICE OF A POLO PONY.

THE choice of a pony for the game of polo depends not merely on the intrinsic excellence of the pony, but on what we want him for, and whether we can ride him comfortably in the game. The pony that might be admirable for a first-class tournament would be out of place in a members' game. There are many ponies of the galloping type which begin to fret and pull directly they are taken into a game that is at all slow. Now if we intend only to play in members' games and ordinary tournaments or matches, it is plain that the slow pony which is perfectly schooled will suit us better than the more brilliant animal. First-class ponies are just as handy as the slower ones, but they are trained to do everything at a gallop, and only turn and manoeuvre comfortably in a fast game. These ponies are few in number, and therefore bring high prices when they come into the open market. Most of them never do this; they are so well known that they pass from stable to stable among the first-class players, and bring a large price each time they change hands. Men who are but second-rate players sometimes buy these ponies when on rare occasions they come into the market. The purchasers are often disappointed, because in the company to which the rider is equal the pony is out of place. Horse and man are not suited to each other, and disappointment is the result. Perhaps also a coldness arises between the buyer and seller, since the former is apt, though quite unjustly, to imagine that he is "stuck with a bad pony at a good price." The last thing that ever strikes us is that the fault lies in ourselves. We have bought an animal we could not ride, and are paying the penalty of our want of judgment. And, indeed, whether we require a pony for a first-class tournament or merely for members' games, the question of his suitability to our capabilities is equally important. The fact is that even fine horsemen are not equally good on every horse. The man who watches the hunting-field and the polo-ground carefully will see this. The first-flight man has one or more horses he can do his best on, and the first-class player has the pony he saves for critical moments, conscious that, on the back of that trusty animal, he will play up to his best form. Much more necessary, then, is it for the less accomplished rider to fit himself with an entirely suitable animal. The moral of this is that we should have a trial, in a game if possible, of the pony we want to buy. Many of the dealers in polo ponies have polo grounds near at hand, and are able to arrange a cantering game. By far the easiest ponies to ride are Americans and Argentines, and the former are, as a rule, the better shaped. It may be hoped, when English and Irish ponies have been bred for polo for a sufficient number of generations, that, like the

best cattle ponies of America and Argentina, they will have the same natural docility and handiness. At present our ponies require better handling and more horsemanship than the Americans. It is possible to reach a high place in the American handicap without more than ordinary skill as a horseman. In England our first-class players are all above the average in this respect. Some are better than others, but all are good.

The great point is that the pony should be able to bear the hand of the rider. Naturally, a polo pony passing from the possession of a man with light hands to that of one with heavy hands will fight and fret and make itself unpleasant. A very great many men, and good players, too, are hard on their ponies' mouths, and light-mouthed animals soon come to pull in their hands. But it would not do to reject every pony that did not go quite pleasantly with us at first; there is no doubt that a pony otherwise suitable may take a little time to become accustomed to our style of riding. The partnership between player and pony is so close at polo that each is more than ordinarily affected by the idiosyncrasies of the other. Therefore it takes time before the two acquire the habit of give and take on both sides of the partnership, which is so necessary to perfect accord. In time the man learns to trust the pony, and to interfere less and less, because a good polo pony, in its turn, learns to anticipate, as it were, the will of the rider, or rather (to write more accurately) it learns to obey the lightest indications of the hand. Of course, the better the horseman is the more likely he is to do this; but still, in the case of every polo player there is, and must be, a greater or less degree of this accord. We soon learn by practice to know when we ride a pony whether or no we shall be able to play the game comfortably from his back.

Suppose, then, that we have collected some promising animals. There still remains a week or two before the season is in full swing. Perhaps a longer time may elapse before we are playing regularly. In the meantime what is to be done with the ponies? Well, that of course must vary according to circumstances. But there is one thing to be avoided, and that is that we should not set to work to deaden the pony's mind by a bad system of exercise. We sometimes read that the horse is stupid; the wonder is that he is not more stupid than he is. Long days in his box, only broken by the monotonous regularity of stable routine, and varied by exercise compared to which the treadmill is a stimulating occupation, dull his faculties. Grooms shirk exercise, and when they do not, it is often conducted in such a manner as to be of very little use. There is, we will suppose, a string of six or eight ponies to go out. They are beginning to be conscious of their strength as their condition



A. Horsley Hinton.

SCALBY HEAD.

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A. Horsley Hinton.

FLOOD TIME IN MELTON MEADOWS.

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R. B. Lodge. *ILAM ROCK, DOVEDALE.* Copyright

improves. Accordingly the head man mounts the steadiest and leads the next most amenable pony. The lively ones are in the middle of the string, and the least docile are led as close to the hedge as may be. Polo ponies in training should do the equivalent of at least eight or ten miles a day. This in practice is usually not more than five or six. There is generally not much variety in the route followed by the groom. He has to cope with lively and high-spirited animals. Naturally he chooses a quiet road, as he is accustomed to do with the hunters. The results of this deadening monotony are bad enough for hunters, but disastrous



R. B. Lodge. *NEST OF THE DIPPER.* Copyright

for polo ponies, and many have been spoiled by it. The wise owner will look after this matter, and will take every opportunity of riding or driving the ponies each in its turn—to the railway station, to the town, anywhere that is interesting, and where there is some noise and bustle. Even for the player constant riding of his ponies is useful, and is as important in its way as the regular practice with stick and ball which is dwelt on in most of our books on polo. It is, in fact, as necessary to the ordinary man that he should have practice in handling his ponies as in using his stick. People often forget that horsemanship, like everything else, is a matter of practice, and that the man who is not often in the saddle can never expect to attain to excellence in that most useful and attractive art.

A HAUNT OF THE DIPPER & SANDPIPER.

THE chosen haunts of the dipper are certainly among the loveliest spots in Britain. Disdaining the placid beauties of the chalk stream and the sluggish flow of lowland rivers, it is found alone in rocky and moorland streams; and wherever such streams are, whether they run through Devonshire or Welsh valleys, or through the dales of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Staffordshire, or



R. B. Lodge. *DIPPER'S NEST IN A TREE ROOT.* Copyright

down the wild glens of Scotland and the North Country, there, and there only, the dipper is a common bird. A familiar bird it is, too, and conspicuous with its sprightly air and white waistcoat, and its wild note, as it flits from one boulder to another in swift, arrowy, kingfisher-like flight, gives an added charm to the landscape. Nowhere, perhaps, is the dipper more plentiful, or the scenery more charming, than in the dales of Derbyshire and Staffordshire. A day in early June spent in making acquaintance with the dipper, the sandpiper, and other kindred birds in Dove-dale was a memorable one. Before actually reaching Dove-dale itself, on a moss-grown boulder in mid-stream in Milldale, the white breast of a dipper was seen. Betraying by its uneasy flittings up and down stream that it was nesting somewhere close at hand, a scrutiny of the rock face, which rose sheer out of the water on the other side of the river Dove, soon resulted in the finding of no less than three nests all close together. Two out of the three were, evidently, old and disused, but the bird itself soon proved her occupation of the remaining one by first hovering outside and finally entering it as we watched it across the stream. Here she remained while I was wading over, and only left the

nest when the camera was being placed in position just below. The nest contained four white and pointed eggs, quite devoid of the beautiful gloss which distinguishes the globular eggs of the kingfisher.

The nest of the dipper, like the bird itself, is quite unique. It is very large, and particularly thick, solid, and closely felted together with moss and dry grass. It is domed, with an entrance beneath; but the construction is quite different from the domed abode of the wren, with its circular entrance hole at one side. It rather resembles a thick overhanging roof like a penthouse, which covers over the cup-like receptacle containing the eggs. Though so large and generally boldly placed on a wall or rock without much attempt at concealment, it may be readily passed over unnoticed by an inexperienced eye. In fact, as our visit was during the Whitsuntide holidays, only two days after Bank Holiday Monday, when Dovedale was thronged from end to end by thousands of trippers, a good many eyes must have passed this nest, only separated from the crowd by a narrow stream. The outside being of dead moss and grass, it harmonised with the grey rock, and amid the numerous tufts of dandelions and pendant grasses springing from the rifts and ledges, it was really very inconspicuous. The nesting sites vary considerably, but they are nearly always picturesquely situated, the exception being when the birds, as they sometimes do, build among the iron girders of a bridge. For many years one pair have nested in perfect security from human foes in a chimney-like aperture in the roof of one of the curious caves known as the Doveholes. Here they are perfectly out of all reach. The hollows of overhanging banks, amid the roots of trees protruding through the soil in such



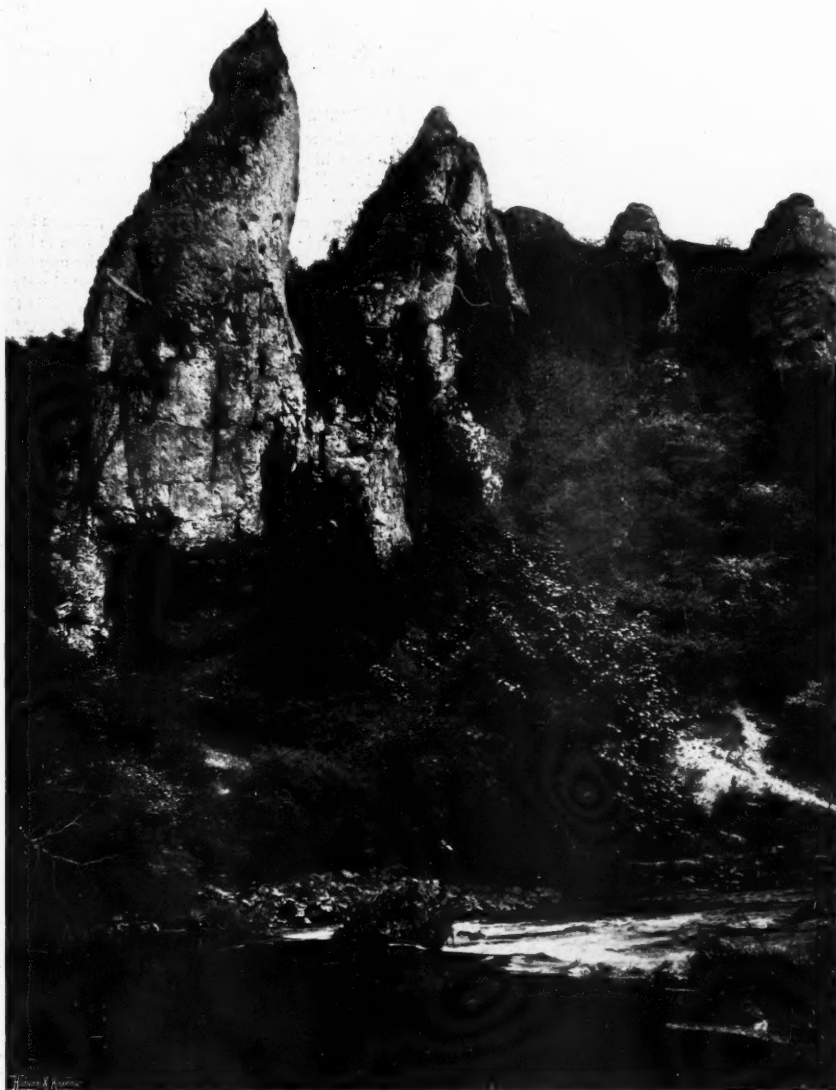
R. B. Lodge. PHOTOGRAPHING DIPPER'S NEST IN MILLDALE. Copyright

situations, the stumps of trees overhanging the water, and the spray-washed walls of the waterfall, even the space behind the waterfall itself, are all well-known sites for the nests of the dipper.

Near the junction of the rivers Dove and Manifold a dipper's nest was photographed on a tree stump leaning over the water, as illustrating that particular choice of site; and not more than sojds. away was another well hidden far under a bank, where the soft soil had been washed away by the action of the water. So sombre was the gloom, however, in this cave-like hollow, and so deep the water alongside, that no attempt was made to photograph it. As it was, I narrowly escaped a ducking from the breaking of a root on which my weight depended during the search.

While engaged in the last photograph, my companion sat down on the bank in order to watch through his glass a sandpiper which was calling on the farther side of the river. The distance was close on rooyds., and it says much for the power of this glass, that he was able, without moving from the spot, to trace the course of a crouching sandpiper as she crept through the grass and finally settled on her nest. By going down stream to the nearest bridge, a quarter of a mile distant, and walking up the other side, we were enabled by this piece of luck to go straight to the nest, which contained three young birds and an egg on the point of hatching.

Two days before a nest with eggs had been photographed beneath some tall burdocks, which plants are so conspicuous on the banks and little islets of all these rivers. They afford excellent cover, of which these graceful little birds often avail themselves, a bed of burdock leaves being a very favourite site for their nest. The high tree-clad slopes on either side of the Dove are here and there crowned by steep pinnacles of bare rock, some shaped like spires and others in the semblance of ruined towers. Overhead may be generally seen the sable form of a carrion crow, while jackdaws cluster round the crevices of the steeper and more perpendicular rocks. Here, too, the kestrel breeds in comparative safety. Climbing on hands and knees up a steep gully between two rocky crags in search of a nest, we could hear the young kestrels chatter loudly in answer to one of their parents, which soared round into view. We were quite close to them, but shut in, as we were, between two walls of rock, it was very difficult to locate the exact site of the nest, and though we worked our way up to the top, coming down the next gully on the other side of the rock from which the



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ROCK PINNACLES AT DOVEDALE.

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R. B. Lodge. COMMON SANDPIPER'S NEST. Copyright

sound had appeared to come, we did not succeed in discovering the particular ledge or crack inhabited by them. The chances are that, without a rope, we should have found it impossible to ascend the extra 20ft. or so of perpendicular rock which separated us from them.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A "BRIGHT RED" BUTTERFLY.

A FEW days ago a reader sent to me, with kindly compliments, what she described as a "bright red" butterfly, found fluttering upon a window-pane in January sunshine. It was, of course, a small Tortoiseshell, the butterfly which more often than any other provides paragraphs in the newspapers on the "abnormal mildness of the season," when it is sometimes described as a "scarlet" butterfly. It is curious that this common, though handsome, insect, with variegated wings (on the upper side) of orange, tawny, and amber, jagged with black and dashed with white, and embroidered at the edges with delicate lunules of blue, always strikes the human eye as bright red in colour. Because we talk of red hair, red cows, red foxes, and robin redbreasts, it might be supposed that when we say "red" we mean any shade of a ruddy, tawny hue; but it is not so, for when we see a robin its breast really does appear red, though if you chance to see one sitting close to holly berries, or if you have one in your hand, it is manifestly only a rich deep ochre.

THE WEATHER'S COMPENSATION-BALANCE.

As for evidence of the abnormal mildness of the season, it is more often evidence of bad luck in the choice of winter quarters which the Tortoiseshell butterfly affords when it flutters feebly forth in winter. As a rule, this happens because its hiding-place has been artificially heated, or was situated behind glass exposed to the January sun. In the same way the Brimstone butterfly has been found sometimes at Christmas, having been unwittingly "put up" with the holly in the decorations of a warmed dining-room. If the weather is mild, the disturbed butterfly retains its activity longer and is more likely to be observed; but I doubt whether, under natural conditions, the British climate can ever be genial enough in midwinter to bring out the butterflies. If the days are sunny, the nights are clear and cold, whereas, if the nights are mild and muggy, the days are dull. Thus there seems to be a compensation-balance in the weather of winter which saves the butterflies from disastrous mistakes, for what would be the use of Tortoiseshell, or Peacock, or Red Admiral flying abroad when there is nothing for them to lay their eggs upon, the nettles being still underground? But when we say that the weather's compensation-balance saves the butterflies, what we really mean

is that the habits of the butterflies have accommodated themselves to the weather.

JANUARY MOTHS.

It would be easy, too, to overrate the effect of mere temperature in bringing out insects prematurely. To a certain extent they may be "forced" like tulip-bulbs; indeed, it is my experience that, if you want to make sure of getting a Death's-head moth from a Death's-head chrysalis, you must "force" it out in the autumn, instead of waiting until the following spring, when it may or may not—more often not—emerge under natural conditions in this country. It is this, no doubt, which makes the Death's-head always scarce in England, in spite of the constant replenishment of our stock by insects blown over from the Continent. But, to return to the effect of temperature upon the dates of appearance of butterflies and moths, you can see how much more important a factor their periodical development is, when you consider the regularity with which our proper January moths appear—the Early Moth almost always before the middle, and the Brindled Beauty and Spring Usher before the end, of the month. What access or defect of temperature can there be to cause these three moths always to select January instead of December for their first appearance? It is not that they had not been long enough in the chrysalis stage, for to take the case of the Early Moth (*T. Rupicaparia*), the caterpillar became a chrysalis early in June, or even in May, and thousands of insects find one month of summer plenty of time for the chrysalis stage. Why should the little chrysalis of the Early Moth remain unmoved by all the heat of June, July, August, and September, linger through the growing chills of October, November, and December, and suddenly be moved to break its chrysalis-case and come forth as a perfect insect in January? Temperature does not account for this. As with the Tortoiseshell butterfly, it simply means that the insect has accommodated the periodicity of its habits to the average British climate, and emerges regularly at the date which, for reasons as yet unknown, gives it the best chance of reproducing its species.

ATTITUDES OF MENACE.

A conversation I had the other day reminded me of the illustration which was published with the last instalment of these notes, representing a kestrel at bay, with the wing furthest from the enemy upraised, and, in order to confirm the exact meaning of this upraised wing, I spent some time to-day watching the quarrels of a number of homing pigeons which, with some Barbary doves and a pair of turtle-doves, occupy one of our walled yards. In the same way that, when you take a country walk, you cause quarrels among the hares, partridges, skylarks, etc., by driving them into each other's spheres of influence, so one's presence in a pigeon-house is always a cause of miscellaneous strife. In one case a little Barbary dove had flown up to a perch on which two pigeons were seated, and when the pigeon on the right threatened it, the dove raised its left wing and drooped its right wing in readiness to strike, at the same time sidling away from the enemy. This brought it near to the pigeon on the left, who at once commenced to make hostile demonstrations, whereupon the dove raised its right wing and prepared to strike with the left.

THE BULLY REPULSED.

On the board below the nest-boxes, when I last visited the pigeons, a bullying cockbird used to parade his fighting-weight and charge at every pigeon which attempted to alight. Now, by some means, a pair of pigeons have established their claim to one end of the board and have built a nest upon it. Of this pair the male was on the nest when I entered, and the female, quite a small bird, was on guard; and when the bully, who owned the rest of the board, retreated before me towards the occupied end, he appeared to think that he could easily fluster over her. But, no; she retreated only a few inches, and then up went the wing further from the assailant, while the other began to flick nervously in readiness to strike, and the bully withdrew.

THE WING AS A WEAPON.

I have noticed also that, besides hawks and pigeons, swans and parrots also raise the further wing when their intention is to strike at you with the nearer one, as do hens or ducks on their nests; and it is no doubt the resistance of the air to this raised wing which gives the blow of the other its peculiar force. If you put your hand into a pigeon's nest-box you receive a very appreciable rap over the knuckles from the sitting bird; and it is to this power of striking severely with the wing that we may, I think, attribute the immunity of sitting pigeons from the attacks of rats. What is only a rap over the knuckles to you might fracture the skull of a rat. Similarly, when I was once attacked in the rear by an angry swan, who thought that I was ill-using one of its cygnets, when I was only helping the little thing out of a cart-rut into which it had tumbled, the blows were not unlike cuts with a stick, and quite severe enough, I imagine, to cause a marauding fox or dog to keep out of range.

THE RESOURCE OF THE WEAK.

But the noteworthy point about this use of the wing is that it is only employed, by the weaker combatant, as a last resort, as it were. When two pigeons are very evenly matched in a fight, both will sometimes use the wing in alternate whacks at each other's heads, each keeping the further wing raised and extended; but the first one to get a blow fairly in is the victor, and the other does not remain within reach of a second. Except in such cases, it is always the weaker bird which uses the wing, either in defence of its home, or because it has been driven to the wall and can retreat no further. From this, I think, it is plain that the use of the wing is a dangerous tactic, almost as likely to cripple the user as its assailant, and therefore is only employed when a bird is desperate. Also, I think that it is this use of the wing in dire emergency which is at the bottom of the queer antics which birds play when they "pretend to be lame" in defence of their nests or young. With one wing raised and the other drooping the partridge who scurries about in front of an enemy, when her helpless young are hiding in the grass, doubtless meant in the first instance to threaten a blow of her wing; but as this manoeuvre usually had the result of making the enemy follow her up, and so saved her young, it appears to have become stereotyped as a sort of fantastic performance which has all the appearance of a deliberately-assumed pretence of wounds and lameness.

E. K. R.

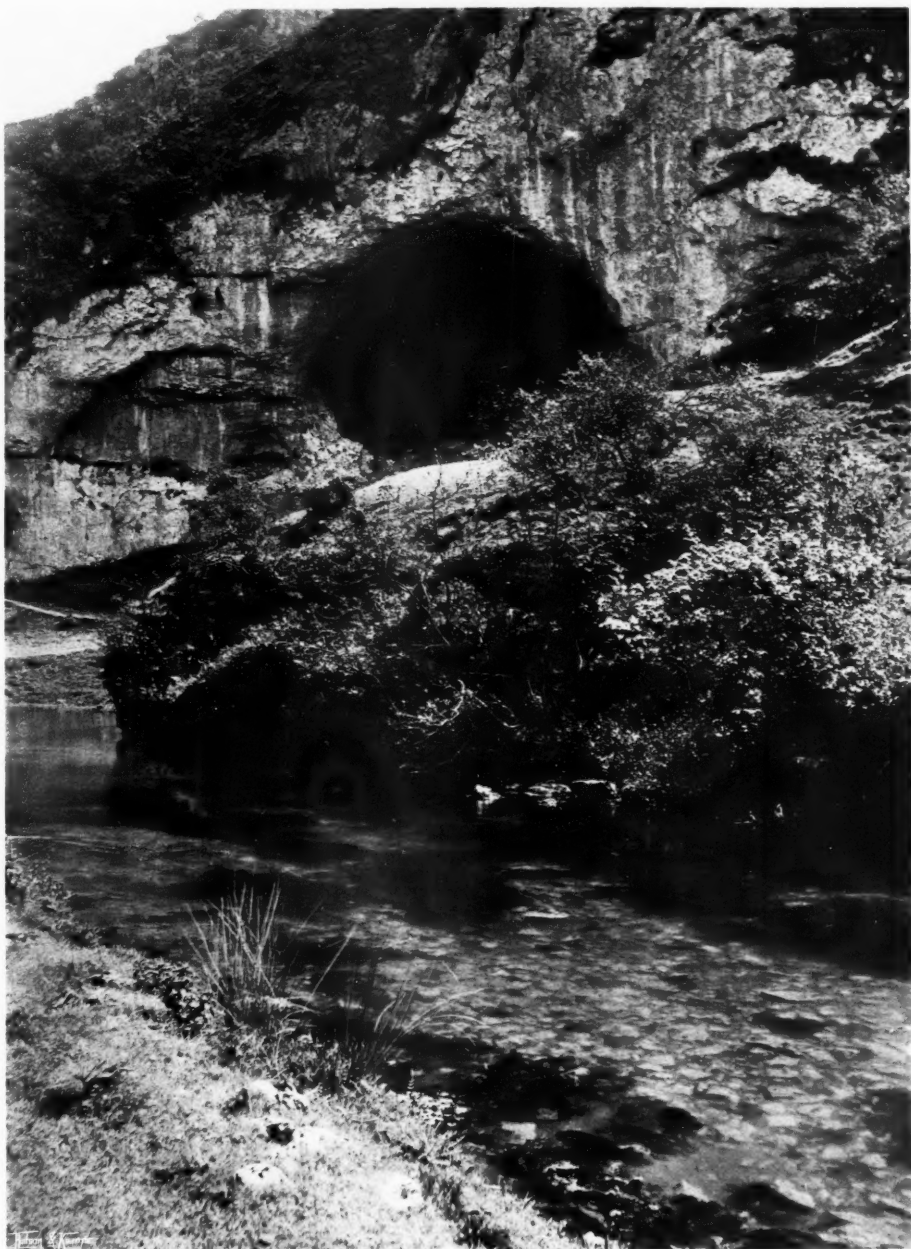
ON THE GREEN.

DO not think that most people who come to Paris know what a good course there is at La Boulie, close to Versailles. It is quite convenient of access, twenty-five minutes in the train from the Invalides Station, and less from the Pont d'Alma. There is a short drive at the other end, from the station to the course, but it is no great matter; and when you get to the course it is really charming. The ground lies up on a hill with falling land all about it, and beyond, on all sides, the ground rises again, and everywhere, except just where the town of Versailles has its houses, the slopes are wooded with birch and all kinds of trees. The air on the higher ground is far fresher than in Paris, and on the highest point of all the course is the clubhouse. They have a charming new club-house now—so new that it is not yet inhabited. The members hope to get in in May. It is in the Normandy style, with stone walls, slate roof, and a big verandah. The course lies all about it, so that the house actually stands at the parting of four ways, so to say; that is, four greens and four tees are grouped round about it. It is possible to start off and play the course from four points of commencement, a very valuable feature; and also the central position is an interesting one. Those in the club-house can see a great deal of what is going on along the greens. Further, this position for the house has the advantage that you can always make a run for home if a shower comes. All this hourly is intended to show the advantage of putting your house, other things being equal, more midway, not so much at an end of the course, than is often done. Other things are not always equal. For instance, it would not be very convenient to have the club-house at St. Andrews at the ninth hole, nor even at the fifth. But where the circumstances of the case admit, it is a good scheme to have several holes radiating out from the house as a centre. That is all about the house, but golf has more to do with the green. The La Boulie green was frostbound when I saw it last, and this is a condition that does not flatter even the best of greens. La Boulie is inland; it cannot help itself in that respect. So it is not to be compared with seaside courses. But in its own inland category it is entitled to a high place, on the standard of British inland greens. It is a pastoral kind of ground, but the slope makes it more dry than most of these pastoral courses. Still, it requires a deal of mowing and work in the grassy months. It is anything but a cheap course to run, on this account; and when one takes the value of the ground into consideration—the club has the freehold—one can well understand how the expenses are so heavy that with a membership of 300 and a subscription of £10 a year—heavier than to any of our British clubs, I believe—there is not a very big margin. The course is of a fine length, over 6,000 yds.; in the bunkers, which are all works of art, not of nature, there is natural sand (indeed, on one part of the course the sandy nature of the subsoil is very apparent). Such natural hazards as there are are the trees of the orchard and farm that once occupied this place that is now redeemed to nobler uses than the grazing of cattle. So the conclusion of the whole matter is that if it is possible for a man to feel dail in Paris, and I once knew even an American who confessed to this feeling at times,

it is also possible for him to relieve that feeling by going to La Boulie, playing on a very good green, of the inland type, and getting a very good *déjeuner*. It is possible to play a round and be back in Paris for *déjeuner*, or possible again to play a round after *déjeuner* in Paris—this even in the short January days. In the summer all things are possible. That the golf is cheap is not to be said, and there are those who complain that it is too dear for inland golf. But, after all, it is not so much for the golf that you pay, as for the living in Paris and being able to play golf from that headquarters on any terms; and we pay heavily for rivers, but do not always catch fish; for moors, and do not always find grouse; but when we pay for golf we see that we get it—like the right kind of starch. The Société de Golf de Paris, which plays at La Boulie, is instituting a big meeting—a scratch tournament to carry with its winning the title of champion of France, but open, according to the best spirit of free trade, to all nations, and a handicap tournament to attract the less ambitious. All this is in June, just after the Grand Prix.

To some it is not easy to write anything altogether new about golf; but

this feat of the intellect has been achieved, without apparent effort, by the *New York Herald* in one of its most characteristic head-lines about the golf at Pau. Mr. Livingstone is the hero of the occasion, and of him the *Herald* heralds: "Mr. Livingstone wins the first nine holes straight away and paralyses his opponents, including the Baron de Longueuil, by the way he addresses the ball"—all this in type of enormous size! This is quite a novel mode of achieving the victory—paralysing the opponent by the manner of the address. The *Herald* proceeds to expound the theme, explaining its meaning to be that Mr. Livingstone's style of address is so fierce and determined that it strikes cold terror into the opponent's heart. Evidently it is an awful business, this address, and the question suggests itself whether the Rules of Golf Committee ought not to pass a law forbidding a man to address his ball in such a manner as shall cause paralysis to creep on his opponent. It almost seems "not golf." There would be an objection if you took a Medusa's head round with you, to turn the opponent into stone. And the special mention of the unfortunate Baron de Longueuil seems a little invidious, as if he were a peculiarly susceptible subject for this kind of cruel hypnotism. In its



R. B. Lodge.

THE DOVEHOLES, DOVEDALE.

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way, which is quite its own, this heraldic pronouncement is a masterpiece.

The present year has emphasised the value of a course with a light soil, which allows casual water to run off quickly, and one of the many problems with which the Rules of Golf Committee has to be confronted is "When does water cease to be casual?" Is there any statute of limitations to clear water of the ignominious title of "casual"? On many greens there is abundance of it, assuming a character of permanence, where no water has lain for long in any former year.

A new idea to the golfing Briton, now growing just a little tired, perhaps pardonably, of his climate, is suggested by an article in the *Badminton Magazine* for February on a golf links at Busaco, in Oporto. It is sacred ground to the Briton, for it is the battlefield of some of Wellington's most arduous work in the Peninsular War. It is also ground of exceeding beauty. The Marquise Ivrea, writer of the article, suggests that possibly only at Darjeeling, of all golf courses in the world, are the views

to be equalled. At places it lies at a height of 2,000ft. above sea level, and dominates all the surrounding country. By train it is but at four hours' distance from Oporto, whither direct steamers take the traveller from England at a cost, for the out and home journey, of £10; but the writer points out that for those who prefer a land journey there is a through train to Lisbon from Paris twice a week; and it is a comfortable mode of travel, with its sleeping-cars and restaurants on the train. Of the actual golfing merits of the course the writer has not a great deal to say, but the implication seems to be that the soil is light and sandy and that the majority of the hazards are natural ones. An added interest is lent by the chance that in search for an errant golf ball there may be found a leaden bullet that failed to find its billet. At present there are nine holes only, but a full course of eighteen is being laid down.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FEBRUARY MAGAZINES.

IN the *Fortnightly Review* there is an appeal to help the British stage, finishing with a list of signatures among which we notice the names of Sir Henry Irving, Alfred Austin, William Archer, Sir Frederick Pollock, and others. The appeal itself consists of extracts from the speeches and articles of those who have supported the idea of a Statetheatre. An article by Le Comte de Segur on some French novelists of to-day has for its

extract the following description of a football crowd: "When the game is quiet the vulpine and sodden faces are eager, but not happy; when an exciting phase occurs the general expression is one of malignant anxiety, here broken by an outburst of frantic disappointment, there by one of savage joy. There is enthusiasm, plenty of it, but it is an ungenerous, one-sided enthusiasm, without a spark of chivalry or appreciation of alien worth in it. Once at a famous North Country ground I saw and heard half a crowd of 20,000 people turn upon a poor referee who had done something distasteful, while the other half applauded his action. The spiteful yells which arose, the torrents of foul abuse which were poured forth, the fierce brandishings of sticks and fists, the almost carnivorous expression on the passion-deformed faces, made up a terrible picture of an English crowd taking its pleasure on a Saturday afternoon which I shall never forget."

In *Temple Bar* there is an article entitled "Colony Making in English Counties," by F. D. How, which is highly calculated to interest the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. From it we take the following pretty description of the stone wall district of Oxfordshire: "At first sight people are inclined to say, 'What an ugly country!' but a little search and a little observation generally change their opinion. Stone walls are not so beautiful as hedges, and on a grey day, when the east wind takes the colour out of everything, the wide fields, whether they be fallow or stubble or seeds, look desolate enough. But there are compensations. Through the little valleys run streams beside which the 'willow people' stand on soft green carpets and see their forms reflected in the running water. Here and there, too, there are grassy lanes between



H. W. Bennett.

OLD SHOREHAM.

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text three novels of which our French-reading friends may like to know the names. They are, "Le Maître de la Mer," by the Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüe; "Le Plus Fort," by Claude Ferval; "La Peur de Vivre," by Henry Bordeaux. There is a great deal in the *Review* about the political situation in the East, and less than usual about the wearisome fiscal controversy. From a sketch of President Roosevelt, written by Sidney Brooks, we extract the following: "Long before he became Vice-President he had made his mark as one of the most emphatic, go-ahead, and confident personalities in the United States; a man of breezy, vivid emotions, and buoyant and invigorating picturesqueness, with all Lord Charles Beresford's pugnacious dogmatism, and more than his balance and level-headedness, a Whig in his intolerance of extremists and his healthy grip on the common-sense of things, a fighter always and sometimes a reckless one, but first and last a natural and instinctive leader. The assassination of Mr. McKinley meant a change in the character and disposition of the Chief Magistrate, so profound as to take on the sweep of a revolution, and the conservatism of America could not repress a shudder of anxiety when it contrasted the new executive with the old. It is a fact well worth bearing in mind that Mr. Roosevelt entered upon his Presidency amid the sullen acquiescence of the politicians, the barely veiled mistrust of the world of business, and the hesitating, half-uncomfortable applause of the average man."

In *Macmillan's Magazine*, which is a very good number, one of the most timely articles is that on the football fever, by H. F. Abell, from which we

unwonted hedges, which are allowed to straggle and climb wherever they will, and are beautiful at every season."

In the *Cornhill Magazine* Mrs. Frederic Harrison has a delightful paper on "A Grandmother's Budget." It is taken from the family books "kept with the loving precision of days of leisure eighty years ago." We give the following quotation from it: "The first thing that strikes one on looking at the books is the vast change in the scale of the wages of domestic servants. The family were served by cook, housemaid and page, with the addition of nurse and nursery-maid as children came into it. The young servants began at £6, the cook received £16, the housemaid, £11, the nurse £18. As against this economy in wages must be put the high price of bread and of tea. Tea cost anything between 5s. 6d. and 12s. a pound, and all the servants expected tea; sugar, too, was dear, but milk and butter cheap; vegetables were grown in the garden for the most part, but potatoes remained a considerable item. Meat was cheap, 6½d. or 7d. a pound, rather more than frozen meat is now."

The *National Review* offers us a weighty number—not so full of fiscalitis as some of its predecessors, but we might say of it, as the pedlar said of the spectacles, "Not gold marm, but equally as good," only something else might be substituted for the word "gold." One article is quite worth the price of the magazine, and that is Austin Dobson's short paper on "Evelyn's Grand Tour," from which we extract the following grand *moralité*: "Omnia explorate: meliora retinete" was Evelyn's favourite maxim;

and he had acted upon it in his continental travels. They served as the *wanderjahre* which completed his apprenticeship to life. He had brought back from them nothing of the 'smattering termes, flattering garbes, Apish cringes, foppish fancies, foolish guises and disguises, the vanities of Neighbour Nations,' which honest Samuel Purchas, in the preface to his "Pilgrimes," affirms to have been the main home-cargo of the seventeenth-century tourist. On the contrary, he had greatly increased his knowledge of foreign tongues, made considerable progress in the study of natural philosophy, learned something of music and drawing, and 'taken much agreeable toil among ruins and antiquities, and in viewing the cabinets and curiosities of the virtuosi.'

Mr. Andrew Lang in *Longmans' Magazine* makes a whimsical complaint concerning the use of his name. There is, it appears, an Andrew Lang, a Wesleyan Methodist, who is frequently confounded with our own and only Andrew, and some of the effects of his having so many counterfeits are quite embarrassing, as witness the following: "The results are not agreeable to me, for people write from England and America to complain that my prose and verse are not up to sample, meaning the prose and verse of the other Andrew Langs. Moreover, a lady signing herself 'Your loving little friend Louie'—has written to remind me of the dear old days when she and I wandered, on summer eves, in the sylvan shades of Hyde Park, while I recited my own poems. The passages quoted are certainly not from my humble pen, so it must be one of the other Andrews who plays the idyllic shepherd in Hyde Park."

FROM THE FARMS.

THE CHILDWICK SHIRES.

WE go to press too early to enable us to give the prices realised at the dispersal of the Shire horse stud got together by the late Sir Blundell Maple, but we cannot miss the opportunity of expressing the regret which so many will feel for the saddening cause of this sale. Sir Blundell Maple was an excellent judge of a horse, either draught or thorough-bred, and it used to be a great pleasure to go with one of the parties which frequently assembled at his house on Sundays and see him with the animals. No one could with more certainty and promptitude detect anything that was wrong. Almost instinctively he seemed to gauge the condition of a horse as he approached the stall, and it was instructive to hear him, as he very often did, compare the best of his stud with their rivals at the various shows. It will be very interesting to notice what prices are obtained for the magnificent animals, particularly for the stallion Childwick Majestic, and for that admirable mare Sea Breeze. There are also several fillies and yearling colts whose breeding and promise ought to ensure for them a high price.

CONCERNING COWSHEDS.

We are sorry to think that many dairy farms still suffer from the want of really good cowsheds, as there is only a limited knowledge of what is really wanted in these structures. First, in regard to ventilation, the amount of cubic space laid down by the Local Government Board should be treated as an irreducible minimum, and increased wherever that is possible. The advantage of fresh air to cows is beyond all question or dispute. In the second place, it is a great saving of labour if the water supply is properly adjusted. A question frequently disputed is whether there is any practical disease being carried by water when a pipe is laid from one end of the cowshed to the other and the water trickles from trough to trough. Without attempting to speak with authority on the subject, we should say the safer course is to make the supply independent, and this can be very easily done. It costs very little more to run the main pipe above the walls of the sheds, and by lesser pipes, each of which

will supply an individual cow, distribute it over the cowhouse. Thirdly, too much attention cannot possibly be bestowed on the drainage. For that reason the length of the stall from the head to the heels of the cow should just permit her standing in it, and that is all. Then a fall in the drain should allow the liquid refuse to run off naturally, and the other arrangements should enable the cattle-man to clean the stalls as easily and expeditiously as possible. Where these points are attended to the other arrangements can be very simply made.

THE LAMBING SEASON.

Anticipations in regard to the lambing season were not at all of a favourable kind, and they do not seem likely to be belied by the event. The continual rain in autumn was as bad as could be for the ewes, and it has been no better for the lambs during the first weeks of 1904. From the West Country we hear that the horned sheep, though producing a fair number of lambs, have suffered much in the loss both of ewes and their offspring. Hampshire Downs have not so far turned out well, both lambs and ewes having been lost to a considerable extent. The reports from many farms might in fact be summed up in the words, many dead, both old and young. The only mitigating circumstance is that keep is fairly plentiful, and given only moderately good weather the survivors may do passably well.

FROZEN EGGS.

We are threatened with another invasion in the form of frozen eggs, this being the shape in which a Canadian proposes to ship them to England. The eggs will be packed as tightly as possible in barrels, but with no straw or any other material between them, and then the whole will be frozen solid and kept so till landed. The eggs must all be quite fresh when packed, and it is held that on arrival, when thawed out and used at once, they will be in first-class order, and much superior to the eggs one generally gets. Canada is a great egg-producing country, and would be able to send over an enormous quantity.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCERNING PHOTOGRAPHY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of November 7th, 1903, in an article entitled "Photography of the Woodlands," the enclosed formula for developing gaslight papers was quoted as giving "an image of rich greenish brown tone." Is there not some mistake, as I have tried the formula as given, and could obtain no result at all; and on showing it to a professional photographer I was told that he did not think it could work without the addition of another chemical? Formula—Metol 5gr., pyrogallol 5gr., acetic acid 1dr., water 10oz. For use take 1½ dr. to 20oz. water.—MARY PERCY.

[There has been an omission of a second solution to be used with the first, in which, moreover, for "water 10oz.," read "water 1oz." Then to the 20oz. of diluted solution add 1oz. of the following: Sulphite of soda (cryst.) 5oz., carbonate of soda (cryst.) 5oz., water 20oz. It should be said that this formula is not suitable for "gaslight" papers which contain an excess of free or soluble silver.—ED.]

A DONKEY SHAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I do not know if you will consider enclosed photograph of sufficient interest to be put in COUNTRY LIFE. Two of the donkeys were bought quite young from gipsies, and are now four years old. They trot five miles in 40min., and are very useful for station work. They have often been driven after hounds for five hours at a time, and their longest day was about twenty miles. They are the property of Miss Freda Thornycroft, and she is the only person who can drive them; the grooms can do nothing with them. Some of your readers at least will be glad to have from practical experience an example of what these much-maligned animals are capable of. In spite of all that has been previously written, the intelligence of the donkey has not yet been clearly understood by any but a few members of the English public.—E. TATTON.

A SCHOOL OF FORESTRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the letter you published last week signed "A Forest-lover," because I think that the majority of estate agents in England are deplorably ignorant about the way in which the woods and forests under their care ought to be treated. Many men have been so trained that they understand when trees have attained the age at which their commercial value is greatest—that is to say, that at this particular stage in the growth of the trees the timber merchant will give the biggest price for them. On the other hand, very few land agents or foresters appreciate the value of trees from an artistic point of view, or the way in which fine trees in the park enhance the value of an estate. This, I believe, is due to the fact that a tree takes a good deal longer to come to maturity than a human, and in





these days of board schools the boy has no time to observe the lessons of Nature displayed before his eyes, and his teacher is too much bound up in red tape to point out such things even when he finds an apt pupil. The most capable foresters are to be found in those who have watched the gradual growth of the seed to the sapling and the sapling to the forest tree. I doubt if a "school of forestry" would be very beneficial, but I feel sure that school-teachers in rural districts could do much to teach the rising generation the value of trees, not only from a mere commercial point of view, but of the beauty and charm they lend to a country when judiciously planted and attended to.—A. WOODMAN.

LEDGES ON DOWNLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—These are a perfectly natural formation, and can be seen in progress of growth if watched when rain is falling. They are caused by the water trickling down the hillsides, carrying particles of soil, which, of course, gradually accumulate, and cease falling when a sufficient quantity has collected to overcome the power of the pressure of the water behind. The cause of the level surface being bare is the destruction of the growing vegetation by the constant accumulation of falling earth and the standing of water on the level of the ridge. They are common in Devonshire, and I have often been interested in watching their growth.—A. F.

SALMON IN FRESH WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of January 23rd, Mr. Hardy raises the old discussion: "Seeing that salmon do not feed during their sojourn in fresh water, how is it that they are taken with various lures?" A simple and comprehensive answer can easily be supplied to the enigma. Salmon ascend rivers solely for the purpose of depositing their spawn in a place of safety. They immediately look on all the miscellaneous inhabitants of the clear rivers as likely enemies that may be soon devouring their spawn. They rush and bite at any moving object that has at all a predatory look about it. What more aggressive object can be brought across a salmon's vision than a gaudy Jock Scott, advancing on him by jerks from the far side of the stream, apparently with the idea of getting a good view of the silvery enemy, then after passing within 6in. of his nose spasmodically retreating as he approached? No one who has watched the salmon on clear water of spawning beds could fail to be impressed with the way they rush open-mouthed at any small trout that dare come near their bed of gravel. Like all animals at breeding-time, salmon are inordinately jealous of any living thing in the same little world as themselves. No, the salmon very probably snaps at the fly by reason of the same instinct that an old sitting barndoor hen pecks at the end of a walking-stick that is thrust over the edge of her nest—the sense of danger threatening the brood, rather than the craving of hunger.—THOMAS REEVE.

A LINCOLNSHIRE KITCHEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Up and down the country are to be found many curious old kitchens, and particularly is this the case in Lincolnshire, where every house near the Wash is the one in which King John slept on the occasion of a memorable misfortune. Our illustration gives a really excellent idea of the furniture of a typical back kitchen of the older Lincoln farmhouses. The spade shown is used for dyking or digging out the sides of ditches, and is made entirely of wood, with the exception of the long narrow blade, and this is but shod with iron. On the right, the two overfed-looking sacks contain barley-meal to be duly made up in the tub hard by. Look at the nakedness of the pump, the



old dark red-brick-tiled floor, the business-like bellows, and find, if you can, the metal-wrapped clothes pegs.—F. V.

THE VILLAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have the pleasure of enclosing, in the hope that you will reproduce it, the photograph of a typical English village, situated, as all our villages once were, far from a railway station. To me the white walls and irregular streets are as suggestive as those pleasantly-hedged and cultivated fields that form the background. Some at least of your readers must, I feel sure, derive pleasure from looking at it.—D. F.

FLOWERS FOR WATER-SIDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you kindly help me in a matter which I think will also interest other readers than myself. I want to grow moisture-loving flowers by several waterways which run through my garden, and especially I should like irises, of which several are, I believe, very suitable. The growth of existing plants is rank, as the soil is deep and rich.—J. M.

[If the ground is very rank indeed, we are afraid the growth of the plants will be correspondingly so, and if actual sewage is present, you must expect wholesale failure; but we presume the drains are only to carry off surface water. As your letter is not very explicit, we will simply give the names of plants, with their heights, that delight in moist soil. The three most satisfactory irises for the water-side are the Japanese iris (*I. Kämpferi*), which must not come into actual contact with water, the graceful Siberian iris and its white variety, and our English yellow flag, which gives to many a stream a golden glory in the early summer months. Where the climate is mild, as in the South of England, it is possible to establish the arum lily, which those in less favoured places know only as a plant for the greenhouse and conservatory. The buckbean (*Menyanthes trifoliata*), day-lilies, and *Ranunculus Lingua*, the beautiful spearwort, are all much about the same height, and with these may be named the double arrowhead. The Royal and Ostrich ferns delight in moisture, and will grow several feet in height. The former is known botanically as *Osmunda regalis*, and its English name is appropriate. For grouping in the rougher places; where bold colour effects are desired, brave masses of herbaceous phlox are welcome, especially of such colours as the crimson *Etna* and the salmon *Coquelicot*, or the snow white *Mrs. E. H. Jenkins*. We should also, where possible, group the Cardinal and yellow willows, which give a glow of colour to the water-side in winter. There are two very large-leaved plants of noble growth that are happy by water, namely, *Gunnera scabra* and *G. manicata*. The loosestrife may be planted in drifts almost in water. We should plant the variety named *roseum superbum*. It will be found in good hardy plant catalogues under the name of *Lythrum Salicaria roseum superbum*. Of the spiraeas, *S. palmata* is, we think, the most beautiful for water-side planting. The flower is crimson, and a grouping of it in full beauty is a picture to remember. Establish also the pretty globe-flowers (*Trollius*), which are from 18in. to 2ft. high, the Japanese primrose (*Primula japonica*) in its many colourings, the marsh marigolds, especially the double variety, and perhaps you would like the willow herb (*Epilobium*), which grows to 5ft. or 6ft. high, the late and vigorous *Polygonum sachalinense* (9ft.), and the graceful *P. cuspidatum*, which are all a success by water. If you desire plants to float on the surface, the hardy hybrid water-lilies must receive first consideration. There is a rich store of beautiful forms.—ED.]